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CONTENTS

Comments	Page 289	Britain's Forests	Page 295
Facing the Armed Peace	291	Deadline by the Grandfather Clock. By Roland Wild	296
The Public Servant—His Pay and Status	292	Radio Notes. By Edward Sackville West	297
A London Diary. By Critic	293	Two Plays. By Stephen Potter	297
Noblesse Oblige. By Sagittarius	293	The Movies. By William Whitebait	298
This England	293	Correspondence	298
Science and World Government. By Ritchie Calder	294	From Michael Roberts; Margaret Crabtree and Sylvia Gossé; Sidney Dark; Lionel Fielden; A. R. Cripps; K. G. Younger, M.P.; C. S. Orwin; Graham Greene.	
The Case for Pasteurisation. By Lady Russell	294	Books in General. By Lionel Cranfield	Page 301
Shakespeare and Stratford-on-Avon. By John Garrett	295	Reviews:	
		New Fiction. By Henry Reed	302
		Truth and Public Opinion. By Leonard Woolf	303
		The Alphabet of Anger. By V. S. Pritchett	304
		In Daylight. By Antony Brown	304
		Gramophone Notes. By Edward Sackville West	305
		Week-end Competitions	306

BLACK-OUT IN BUSH HOUSE

In the opening words of his speech last Friday, Mr. Bevin alluded to "the awful black-out over Europe," and added, "this is creating in that great territory a spiritual hunger which is more devastating even than physical hunger." This is a welcome change. We have a Foreign Secretary who recognises that the import of information into Europe is almost as vital as the import of supplies. Throughout the whole war, the Foreign Office regarded our overseas information services with profound suspicion. That they failed to reduce them to anodyne ineffectiveness was due largely to the spirit displayed by the staff of the European Service of the B.B.C., the Ministry of Information and of the Political Warfare Executive. Practically the whole of the staff in Bush House were temporary officials, recruited from journalism, University teaching and other professions. They could fight for their principles because they had not to worry about their post-war careers. As a result, the British information services generally—and in particular the European Service of the B.B.C.—gave a moral lead to the whole Resistance movement. For the first time in history they brought the peoples of Europe into daily touch not with "Government opinion" as represented by Ambassadors, but with the downright thoughts and feelings of the British people.

The effects on British prestige were immense. For years a spiritually famished Europe was sustained by the B.B.C. programmes and the leaflets, newspapers and booklets produced by the Political Warfare Executive. As each country was liberated, it was supplied with magazines and films produced by the Ministry of Information. For the first time, the British point of view—as distinct from the British Council point of view—was "got over" to our friends and to the defeated enemy.

As soon as the war was over, powerful forces began to break up these unconventional war-time services. The Foreign Office began to emasculate them—on the plea that "propaganda" is a dirty business which we should dispense with in peace time—and tried to bring them under its direct control. The B.B.C. hierarchy, which during the war, lost control of the European service, and was therefore jealous of its immense success—took away its best wavelengths and began to bring its programmes down to the "non-political" level of the Home Service. The natural process of attrition, by which the "temporary" returns to his peace-time profession as soon as he can, accelerated the disintegration. When, however, the Labour Government came to power, it was hoped that something would be done to stop the rot.

Despite Mr. Bevin's warning last Friday, this has not happened. The Government having come to no decision, the war-time services have in fact begun to disintegrate during the summer, and the B.B.C. hierarchy has asserted itself in Bush House.

The removal of the two senior officials responsible for the Spanish service—followed by the suspension of the political commentaries of both the Spanish and Portuguese services—is a glaring illustration of this deplorable process. Mr. Haley, supported by important people in the Foreign Office, wants a nice harmless "British Council" type of broadcast which will evoke no protests from General Franco or our Catholic Press Attaché in Madrid. He, therefore, suspends the editors and suppresses the commentaries which have cautiously—far too cautiously—expressed the attitude of the British people to the Franco regime. When the officials concerned ask the reason for their removal, they are accused of permitting their personal views to influence their conduct; and dark hints are given of Foreign Office displeasure. The real fact is that they have attempted, despite the obstruction of Catholic controllers—one in the Foreign Office and two in Bush House—to maintain the democratic spirit of war-time broadcasting, and to interpret faithfully Mr. Bevin's assurance that he would welcome "a change" in Spain. For this crime they have lost their jobs.

The policy which has resulted in these dismissals now pervades the whole service. But unfortunately the Minister of Information, who does not even know if his Department will exist next month, has no power to interfere. The Foreign Secretary, who in Spanish and Portugese eyes will be held to have ordered these dismissals, issues no directive to the B.B.C. And so Mr. Haley gets away with it, and the world assumes that Bevin is truckling to Franco. All the immense good will earned during the war by our information services is permitted to be dissipated. Europe, listening to Mr. Haley's new bromidic programmes, concludes that Britain, wearied by her titanic war effort, has lapsed back into her pre-war slough of appeasement. "The new order changeth giving place to old"—under a Labour Government.

The situation would be tragic, were it not so easily remedied. Let the Prime Minister, the Foreign Secretary and the Minister of Information get together at once, and decide on the peace-time structure of the services. After all, the B.B.C. Charter is due for renewal next year; and the new House of Commons will not tolerate a broadcasting monopoly which suspends its editors merely for expressing the British democratic spirit in broadcasts to Fascist Spain.

Chungking and Yenan

Last August, when the Chinese Communists—concluding from the Moscow-Chungking pact over Manchuria that they were unlikely to receive active support from the U.S.S.R.—sent their leader, Mao Tse-tung, to discuss "unity" with Chiang Kai-shek, hopes quickened that the threat of civil war in China might be averted. This optimism was premature. Though agreement was reached on the desirability of fusing the Kuomintang and the Border Government in an all-party Council of China, Chungking's demand that the whole of the Communist Army should be disbanded or placed under the Marshal's command was unacceptable to Yenan. And now, according to the latest reports, fighting on a considerable scale between the rival forces has broken out in North China, whose strategic

centres Chungking troops (with American aid) have occupied. The country, however, is for the most part controlled by "liberators" from Yenan, whose stout resistance against the Japanese contrasted with the half-hearted and often two-faced attitude of the Central Government's commanders. As the Japanese insisted on surrendering only to Chinese owing allegiance to Chungking, the Yenan army has probably secured only a relatively small quantity of Japanese munitions; and, if the United States gives the Marshal full support, he should be able to secure the main railways and centres of communication in North China—as much, in fact, as the Japanese ever succeeded in doing. But this will not bring peace to a China already ruled by chaos; and it leaves out of account Russian reactions to the prospect of a Kuomintang ascendancy dependent on the United States. Is it a coincidence that Chungking is already complaining that the U.S.S.R., contrary to the August pact, is not allowing Chinese forces to land at Port Arthur and Dairen?

The Venezuelan Revolt

The extent and bitterness of the fighting in Venezuela last week went far beyond the customary skirmishes between rival military cliques. With the aid of the younger army officers and the trade unions, Democratic Action—the chief progressive party—succeeded in unseating President Medina Angarita. The main purpose of the revolt was to ensure that the coming elections should not be rigged, as their predecessors had been, by President Medina's reactionary and nepotic regime. Although since the death of President Gomez in 1935 the dictatorship had been "moderated," first by President Lopez Contreros and then by Medina, it still denied any real freedom of organisation to Democratic Action and the Communists, who formed the two main opposition groups. It would have been virtually impossible for them to run an opposition candidate against Medina's nominee and Contreros, the representatives of the rival juntas of the ruling class. Both Medina and Contreros are now under arrest on charges of embezzlement, and power has passed into the hands of the revolutionaries led by Romulo Betancourt, an ex-Communist who returned from exile to help build Democratic Action. It seems probable that the Democratic Action candidate in the elections will be Romulo Gallejos, the most prominent Venezuelan writer. Other members of the Provisional Government are well-known members of the Venezuelan trade union movement who have spent several years either in prison or in exile for opposition to the dictatorship. The Communists seem to have participated in the later stages of the revolt when it became clear that the disaffected officers who directed operations were not extreme nationalists endeavouring to imitate the Argentine *putsch*. For once, in Venezuelan politics, oil does not seem to have been the immediate inspiration of unrest. The revolutionaries have declared that they do not seek to expropriate the oil concessions, though they are aiming at a gradual transition to democratic Socialism.

Peace in the Docks?

Though the results of the postal ballot on the Merseyside are unknown as we go to press, there can be only one ending to the dock strike: with the Government making unlimited use of troops to load and discharge cargoes of all kinds, the men will sooner or later be forced back to work under the compulsion of hunger. Miss Wilkinson's alarmist cry that the public was threatened with bread-rationing was a needless intervention against workers with a very real sense of grievance, opposed to the power of employers and State in alliance. What follows? Supposing the employers resume the suspended negotiations with the Union, their offer of a guaranteed £16 per month is quite inadequate. Equally unsatisfactory are their ideas on decasualisation: they would perpetuate inefficient organisation based on a multiplicity of dock-owning interests. If the Government owed it to the public (as we agree it did) to prevent paralysis of shipping in a time of shortage, it has also a big responsibility towards dock labour. Rather than have protracted and probably abortive efforts to bridge the gap between the Union's claims and the employers' offer, we suggest immediate reference of the dispute to a Court of Inquiry charged with investigating both dockers' earnings and the organisation of port work. Both official and non-official spokesmen for the dockers could be heard by it, without prejudicing the principle of collective bargaining between official organisations on which Mr. Isaacs, defending "non-intervention" by the Government, has taken so rigid a stand.

Forces We Cannot Afford

In last week's *Economist* there appeared an important article analysing the British manpower situation in relation to the present claims of the armed forces. The *Economist* pointed out that the total post-war labour force of Great Britain, including both men and women, is unlikely to be any bigger than the labour force of 1939. In that year, there were about 560,000 persons in the armed forces, including the police, and about one and a quarter million unemployed persons. The armed forces and the police together, in June 1946, are still to have an establishment of about two and a half millions. If this is the Services' post-war demand, then where, the *Economist* asks, are the extra two millions to come from? The institution of a year's compulsory service, for men, would probably yield about 250,000; and even if the conscripts were made to serve for two years, there would be only half-a-million men under arms. Voluntary enlistments yielded before the war, even with unemployment at a high level, a total of only about half a million for all the armed forces; and clearly the total would have been lower if there had been a higher demand for industrial labour. This being the position, a total of anything like two and a half millions is clearly quite unobtainable. If it were possible politically, it would be utterly impossible from the standpoint of industry and the consuming public; for, even if unemployment were cut to the barest minimum, there would not be nearly enough workers to go round. The basic industries and services will not need less labour than they needed in 1939; building and the export trades will both need substantially more. There are large arrears of capital construction in industry; and there is a great volume of demand for ordinary consumers' goods waiting to be let loose. If the armed forces take appreciably more men than in 1939, there is bound to be an acute and abiding shortage of goods. The moral is obvious. The present policy of demobilisation is based on an absurdly wrong target. The Cabinet must think again.

Building Costs

The figures given in the recent White Paper for the cost of pre-fabricated temporary houses have come under fire of criticism from several of the manufacturers concerned. Their arguments, developed in the correspondence columns of the *Times*, are that the Ministry of Health has unfairly pilloried the undue expense of pre-fabricated units, that the cost of the "hull," which is alone controlled by the manufacturers, represents in one case barely one-third of the total, and that the inflation of other costs (including an alleged average site cost of nearly £400) is the responsibility of the Ministry of Works. Thus put, the case calls for an authoritative reply. In the public interest a detailed "break-down" of the total costs revealed in the White Paper should be issued. It is not only in relation to "pre-fabs.," however, that fuller information about building costs is required. The cost of a permanent dwelling of 900 superficial feet (slightly below the Dudley standard) is now generally put at about £1,200—a figure which fits in with Mr. Bevan's ceiling for tenders. In a letter to the *Times* the Chairman of the Builders' Supplies Joint Council points out that this figure represents an increase of about £650 (nearly 120 per cent.) over the cost of a comparable house in 1938; and that the costs of materials, according to a recent Answer in the House by the Minister of Works, have risen by only 72 per cent.—from £274 to £472. This leaves an unexplained increase from £276 to no less than £728 (164 per cent.) in costs other than materials. What proportion of this sum is accounted for by actual building labour costs? Or by the cost of land and site development? Or by fittings and components, whose price is often regulated by Trade Associations? Or by "overheads," either of building firms or local authorities? The public is at present left completely in the dark.

Rents and Subsidies

Yet the cost of new houses is a matter of far-reaching consequence. Mr. Bevan cannot bring it down simply by an arbitrary reduction of his ceiling for tenders: that might result merely in no houses being built, if reliance is to be placed exclusively on private builders working to local authorities' orders. But if £1,200 or thereabouts is to be accepted as the cost of a "minimum" house, and if local authorities (as appears to be the intention) are to pay £3 2s. 6d. per cent on money borrowed for building, the true economic rent will work out at over 23s. a week, allowing for amortisation and repairs. When rates are taken into account, this rent is far beyond the means of the average unskilled wage-earner. So what? Presumably an Exchequer subsidy. But is the subsidy to be on a flat-rate basis, irrespective of local costs or tenants' needs? The results of the Wheatley subsidies on this basis in the 1920's were such as to discourage Mr. Bevan from repeating them. But if local authorities, as an alternative, are to be allowed in effect to draw as of right on the Treasury to make good such short-fall of rent-income below its economic level as they decide is socially desirable, central control over the Exchequer's future commitments goes by the board. We have consistently argued that, if houses are to be built at the speed and in the numbers essential, the Ministry of Health will have to set up a National Building Corporation—a step which is likely, we believe, to be taken forthwith in the case of Scotland. The further question, however, arises whether the ownership of new working-class houses should not be vested in a National Housing Corporation which would manage lettings and control centrally the inevitable deficit between obtainable rent-income and actual charges. What is certain at present, is that the whole housing programme is being held up by lack of knowledge of the

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financial basis on which it is to rest. At the risk of seeming to hustle a Minister overburdened with the dual responsibility for both Housing and Health, Parliament will have to press for the financial side of Mr. Bevan's plans.

PARLIAMENT: The Opposition chooses its ground

Wednesday.

"An enormity which makes no difference" was Dick Mitchison's summing up of the Opposition attitude to the Bank of England Bill. The epigram describes pretty accurately the dilemma in which the Tories are floundering with regard to the whole legislative programme. Is this a weak, ineffective Government whose Socialism is eye-wash, as Oliver Stanley asserted in an accomplished speech? Or are the old stalwarts—Mr. Churchill, Sir John Anderson and Earl Winterton—right in their dark prognostications of ruthless despotism? Shall Quintin Hogg turn the Tory party into the Right wing of Clem Davies' Liberals, thereby providing the young idealistic new Members with a platform worth fighting on? Or will Lyttelton, Hudson and Lennox-Boyd keep Mr. Churchill as their King Canute, ordering the tide of Socialism to recede? At the moment the Hoggites confine their Liberalism to the smoke-room, while Mr. Churchill and Earl Winterton lead the defence of privilege in the House.

What the Tories regard as an enormity which *does* make a difference was seen on Tuesday. Mr. Attlee had moved a dignified, non-party motion of gratitude to the fighting Services. Mr. Churchill, instead of seconding in the normal way, launched into a bitter attack on the Prime Minister for not naming the war leaders in the motion and for refusing to pay out the huge cash benefits which were made to Service Chiefs after the last war. This defence of the old order was loudly cheered by Hinchingbrooke and Co., who seemed to imagine that here at last they had hit on a really popular grievance. It is interesting to contrast this solicitous care for the old age of the Service Chiefs with the Tory failure to back Sydney Silverman's motion on Old Age Pensions.

The futility of the Opposition means that the Government is having a very easy time. Hugh Dalton, as expected, scored his second personal triumph when he introduced the Bank of England Bill. Since the Opposition made no serious criticism, honours in the debate went to Hugh Gaitskell and W. J. Brown for witty and aggressive speeches in support of the Government. W. G. Hall, who wound up, was confronted by an after-dinner Opposition in barracking mood. It was an embarrassing half-hour, which Government supporters spent in queueing up for the scrum into the Division Lobby. This amazing performance now takes ten to fifteen minutes of Parliamentary time. Perhaps the Select Committee on Procedure will persuade the Government to change its mind and to build a new Chamber where Members can vote with less loss of time and danger to life and limb.

There have been two Foreign Affairs Debates. On Tuesday, after four and a half hours of Gaelic hobnobbery on the Scottish Water Bill, 45 minutes remained for a discussion of the Atomic Bomb. Raymond Blackburn and Sir Arthur Salter tried to elicit a Government statement. But there was nothing doing; and Herbert Morrison skilfully spent twenty minutes in saying so.

Friday's discussion of famine in Europe was very different. Michael Foot and Sir Arthur Salter set a high standard and Mr. Bevin impressed the formidable array of Foreign Affairs experts behind him with a long and sympathetic statement. The usual quota of maiden speeches were unusually to the point; and no one was silly enough to press for British ration cuts. It was a pity, therefore, that Ben Smith wound up with a written statement proving that they could not be made. This left a number of important points unanswered and deprived John Hynd of an opportunity to make his first appearance as the Minister responsible for the Control Commission.

Winterton's attempt to make party capital out of Ellen Wilkinson's gaffe about bread-rationing was effectively countered by her frank explanation and apology.

PHINEAS

FACING THE ARMED PEACE

MR. TRUMAN'S speech on Navy Day is a puzzling document to decipher, because it confronts us with a dual personality. Its idealism, which found expression in the Twelve Points of a Liberal World-Order, is doubtless as sincere as the realism of its military programme, and it reflects a prominent facet of the American temperament. This democracy is often capable of great generosity, and it does not think naturally or for long together in terms of power. But Americans are as prone as the rest of us to do their thinking in air-tight compartments, and it is not easy to grasp their policy as a consistent whole. What stood out from this speech was its insistence on the overwhelming might of the United States and her determination to retain the advantage she possesses as the only Power at present in a position to manufacture atomic bombs. Indeed, according to Captain Blackburn's allegation in the House of Commons, Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt agreed at Quebec that the peace-time use of atomic energy even by Britain should be left "very much to the discretion of the President of the United States." Perhaps because Mr. Truman knows that there are no atomic "secrets" which can be kept for long, he reminded us that America has "a sea-power never before equalled in the history of the world." He went on to declare her intention of adopting military conscription as a permanent institution, which means that she will keep her colossal man-power in constant readiness to wield the new devices of destruction which she monopolises to-day and many other Powers will possess to-morrow.

This is a staggering armament with which to further a Liberal foreign policy. After the destruction of all the aggressive Powers which broke the world's peace, it is odd that the ends of "righteousness and justice" should still demand a trained man-power, a far-flung array of bases and an arsenal of weapons incomparably greater than Americans required in the era when Fascism flourished, with no world authority to overawe it. Judging from American newspaper comments, the reasons Mr. Truman gave to justify this paradox did not seem to his own countrymen wholly convincing: others may feel even more sceptical. Against what danger is he arming? Is there anywhere a Power that dare challenge the Monroe Doctrine? Amputated Germany will be wrestling for a generation with the nearly insoluble problem of feeding her surviving population. As for the United Nations, which can act only against small Powers or the disarmed ex-enemy States, and only then if no Great Power should use its veto, they need for their common purposes no such overwhelming accumulation of forces as Mr. Truman offers them. What, then, is the purpose of these armaments? If the answer be "defence," it encounters the undeniable fact that no other States, alone or in combination, have the power, or the desire, to attack America. The other purpose which armaments have commonly served in history is to impose the will of their owner on others.

This is a purpose which Mr. Truman would repudiate with indignation. A generation ago, when Liberal England was still the greatest naval Power on earth, we too were familiar with these problems of conscience. Our statesmen used to maintain with equal sincerity that our fleet was a purely defensive arm. It was easy to forget that it had enabled us to acquire a fifth of the world's surface and that it could impose its hunger-blockade upon a continent. What they forgot even more readily was that great armaments never slumbered inactive: they always overshadowed the conversations our ambassadors conducted with weaker governments. We all have on the tip of our tongue such comfortable words as "influence" and "prestige," which serve to disguise the fact that virtue gets its way in this world when it has irresistible power behind it. Liberal America with the atomic bomb in its lockers is to-day immeasurably more powerful than Liberal England ever was. If she really believes that armed force is an irrelevance in her day-to-day conduct of diplomacy, there is a simple question she might with advantage pose to herself. If little Denmark, with equally cogent reasoning, had brought, unsupported, against Russia's management of the Balkan States the same "democratic" arguments that the State Department has used, what influence would she have exerted?

In the immediate future to which this speech was a preface, two urgent questions face us, which are not separable—our joint relations with Russia and the control of atomic energy. The Russians are difficult to deal with, not because their victories have made them over-confident, but for the opposite reason. The devastation of their territory and the slaughter of their best troops between Stalingrad and Berlin have given them an anxious sense of insecurity, which the American monopoly of the atomic bomb has greatly aggravated. Their European policy is, therefore, dominated by the defensive strategical device of a closed sphere of influence, designed to keep the dangerous West at arm's length. If Mr. Truman wants numerous bases, naval and aerial, what Stalin wants is a buffer zone. Behind the shortest possible line that bisects Europe, from Stettin to Trieste, he has retired to recover from his victories. Thinking in these strategical terms, Russians place their own interpretation on our Anglo-Saxon concern for the purity of democracy in the Balkans. Their interpretation of our motives is that we also are playing at strategy, by penetrating their zone of security and undermining their political management of its turbulent populations. The further we proceed in this direction, as by implication Mr. Truman did, in his repeated refusal to recognise "imposed" governments, the more surely shall we intensify Russia's already marked suspicions.

What now faces us all is an armed peace, more perilous and ruinous than any similar phase in history. America sets the pace; must we, burdened by our debts, as the Russians are by their losses, limp after her to maintain our older arms at the former level, while we struggle to overtake her in the manufacture of the new weapon? In this atmosphere of competition and fear, such promise as there may be in the United Nations Organisation will be wrecked by the dualism that infects the minds of its founders. They have no single purpose: they are trying to combine competitive power-politics with a half-hearted aspiration for co-operation. It may be a wise move that Mr. Attlee should go to Washington for personal consultations, but it would be a disaster if the Labour Government were to be involved as an acquiescent partner in the programme of national rearmament which Mr. Truman has outlined. If we read the mind of the British people correctly, it is nearly unanimous on the central issue that atomic energy, alike in its warlike and in its peaceful aspects, must be placed under the absolute control of the United Nations. Unless that is done, the new Organisation will be even more impotent than the old League. A weapon against which there is no defence confronts us with an inescapable conclusion. If the U.N.O. as a corporate whole possesses it, it will wield irresistible authority; if national governments possess it—and scientists agree that all industrialised States will in a few years be in a position to make atomic bombs—the Organisation can be nothing more than an impotent spectator of their rivalries.

We do not flatter ourselves that the advance to world-government can be easy. The scientists can co-operate without difficulty; every advance towards the conquest of atomic energy was made by international teamwork. To place the whole enterprise of research under a staff of physicists responsible to the U.N.O. is the first indispensable step. The difficulty would begin with the next

step—the organisation of an inspectorate, which must have the right to watch the operations of every plant, including national arsenals, that might be used to manufacture an atomic bomb. It is essentially a simple step that has to be taken, but it involves the most difficult of all imaginable revolutions in human thinking. We have to abandon the national ownership of military power and face its transfer to a world-wide organisation which has yet to win our loyalty. It may do that when it is able to distribute to the whole family of mankind the fruits of its atomic research in a new form of industrial energy. This advance we shall not make until one of the Great Powers leads the way as a pioneer, and dares to propose with all its resources of publicity a clean break with the old order of competitive nationalism.

In the House of Commons on Tuesday, Mr. Herbert Morrison argued that no declaration of British policy with regard to atomic energy could properly be made until the conclusion of the Prime Minister's talks with the President of the United States, with whose fortunes in relation to the subject "our own fortunes were bound up." We dissent. If Mr. Attlee were to take an opportunity of declaring unequivocally that Britain favours placing atomic control in the hands of a Security Council reinforced by the addition to it of the promised International Military Staff, he would be strengthening his own hands in Washington; he would be speaking not only for the people of this country but for all the smaller nations; and he would remove the current suspicion that Britain and the United States are going into a huddle against the Soviet Union. Our own is the only Government that could give such a lead with any hope of success. It must expect opposition from Washington, and probably obstruction from Moscow, but it could count on the warm support of the rest of the world. Among Americans an influential minority, including the scientists, would welcome its initiative. We must have faith in the sanity of the human race: its will to survive is the only argument to which we need appeal.

THE PUBLIC SERVANT—HIS PAY AND STATUS

THE old-style Civil Servant of the top grade—the Administrative Class—used to be, in the most usual case, an Oxford or Cambridge graduate with a first-class degree. He was usually a cultured person, with an academic cast of mind. He was, in temperament, often closely akin to the "don"; and the prospects offered by the two careers were not dissimilar, except that the "don" was likely to earn more when young and less later. Civil Service administration was regarded as a job for well-educated gentlemen, and, like university teaching, as requiring no special training. There was no place in it for the scientist, or indeed for the possessor of any special qualification—except that the few specialists deemed to be necessary could be hired as they were wanted, and left in a rather anomalous position outside the regular Civil Service hierarchy, and usually with no chance of being considered for the higher administrative posts.

Between this old-style higher Civil Service and the business world there were few contacts. Few graduates from Oxford or Cambridge went into business, except to enter family firms with assured prospects; and it was very rare for a man who entered the Civil Service not to stop in it for life—or, rather, until he reached the age of compulsory retirement. Nor did many problems arise over the relations between scientists employed in the public service and "business" scientists, mainly because both groups were small. Most of the people now at the top of the Civil Service came into it when these older conditions still prevailed—or at all events before it had been at all widely realised how fast they were changing.

Let us list a few of the main factors that have radically undermined the old post-Trollopian reformed Civil Service of the later nineteenth century. 1. The Civil Service, and the higher posts in it, have grown enormously. 2. Its functions are increasingly technical, not only on the strictly scientific side, but all through. 3. It needs many more scientific *specialists*, in addition to calling for more scientific knowledge on the part of the administrators. 4. It has taken to itself larger functions of "field work," involving in many departments a considerable dispersal of personnel in regional and local offices far from Whitehall and Clubland. 5. It has ceased to be almost a monopoly of Oxford and Cambridge, even in the centralised administrative grades—a natural outcome of the rise of the newer universities. 6. It has become less academic, and less "cultured" in the traditional sense of the term; and there is less in common than there used to be between the administrative Civil Servant and the "don" in a branch of the Humanities. 7. As against this, there has been a *rapprochement* on the scientific side: the science "don" or university research worker and the scientific Civil Servant are more like one another than they used to be. 8. Some Departments—especially the Ministry of Labour—have developed a curious dual hierarchy of central office staff and "outworkers," with different traditions and very little interchange.

Partly in consequence of these changes, there is now much dissatisfaction over salaries. This has become greatest and most vocal among the scientists, not only because in the Civil Service scientists are worse paid than administrators, but also because outside it they tend to be better paid than the outside equivalents of the administrative class. The higher Civil Servant is on the whole paid much better than the "don." Civil Service salaries rise in a fair number of cases to £2,000 or even £3,000. University professors, except scientists and doctors, get only £1,000 or £1,200. Science professors fare a little better, but not very much, unless they eke out their incomes by taking well-paid work for business firms—sometimes with very bad effects on their own academic work. But scientists can get out in fair numbers to highly paid business posts, whereas professors in other fields have usually no more such openings than administrative Civil Servants. Therefore the increasing contrast between business salaries on the one hand and Civil Service and academic salaries on the other appears glaringly in the case of science, and most glaringly of all in the case of Civil Service scientists, with their bad pay and their bad conditions of status and of professional liberty as well. Even after the changes recently announced, the Civil Service scientists will be left still for the most part in a worse position than their administrative colleagues—which explains why they show few signs of gratitude for the not inconsiderable advances which they have just been given.

Very soon, a large issue is going to arise, not in the scientific field, but in that of industry. It is not a new issue; for it has arisen before in isolated cases. But it is soon going to arise on a very much larger scale. Private Business, without paying at high rates the general run of its lesser administrators, does pay big money to a few people at the top—even bigger money than it pays to its top scientists. When the State takes over industries, or sets up boards of control, is it to take over the salary levels which have prevailed under private ownership, or is it to assimilate salaries to those which prevail in the older public services? So far, in setting up such bodies as the Central Electricity Board, the London Passenger Transport Board, and the Coal Commission, the State has applied salary scales at the top comparable with those paid in private industry. But the question has not been faced as one of principle; and obviously, if there is to be a considerable extension of State control, the rates paid to public servants in charge of public economic undertakings or controlling boards will be bound to react on those paid in other branches of the public service. There will be reactions also on the salaries paid in the service of Local Government, and on academic salaries, primarily in the scientific and medical fields, but presently in other fields as well.

It is in effect impossible in the long run, if the State becomes an active participant in business enterprise, for widely different systems of remuneration to exist side by side in private and in public employment. Assimilation is bound to occur, either by scaling up or by scaling down, or perhaps by a mixture of the two. This would have the great advantage of facilitating transfer at any age or level, and would have to be accompanied by an assimilation of pension rights and conditions, so that a man could carry his accrued superannuation easily from one employment to another. Such ease of transfer into and out of the public service has hitherto been opposed on the ground that it might make for corruption; and the objection has been one of substance. But the more the State takes to employing experts and specialists in many fields, the less possible is it to maintain rigid lines of demarcation between public and private employment. The attempt to do so means that it is impossible for the State to rid itself of a highly placed servant who, even if he might do well in some other job, is not the right man for what the State requires in the particular field in which he has acquired his superiority. As soon as the State sets out to control industries without transferring them to public ownership, it becomes manifestly undesirable that it should be precluded from taking recruits for the public service from private business on terms which prevent them ever going back; for if this prevents the State from recruiting in the private business field, it will mean that the experts needed for the public service will not be forthcoming, whereas, if it does recruit and has to keep for life everyone it employs, there will be serious dangers of ossification.

The truth is that the entire problem of Civil Service recruitment and conditions of employment will have to be thought out afresh and solved in terms appropriate to a Socialist or semi-Socialist society. This applies not only to the higher grades, but also to the entire administrative, executive and technical personnel of every branch of the public service, including local as well as national government. It ramifies further outside the public service in a strict sense, to scientists employed in research institutions and universities, and to the entire teaching and research staffs of colleges and universities. For public grants of money to such bodies mainly determine nowadays the salary levels which they can afford. The University Grants Committee, in doling out grants to the universities and university colleges, is in effect settling the remuneration of university teachers and researchers. The Burnham Committee is doing the same thing directly, in close connection with the Ministry of Education, for teachers in all kinds of schools and in technical institutions. The relative salary scales paid in these separate fields rest on no principle whatsoever. They are either legacies from the past, or results of the competitive claims of business for the service of certain kinds of expert. If, however, public money is to help largely in paying all these salaries and the State is to take a large part in fixing these levels, there will have to be more consideration of the principles involved, and more attempt at assimilation of pay, and also of conditions of professional freedom and opportunity, over the whole field. The two White Papers* carry us no distance at all in this direction. They merely raise scientific salaries in the public service, while leaving them still inferior to administrative salaries, and give the very top Civil Servants a special bonus, presumably in order to bring them nearer to business conceptions of what ought to be paid to men in high charge of big affairs. Much more than this is needed; indeed there plainly ought to be a full-dress public enquiry into all the issues involved.

* *The Scientific Civil Service.* Cmd. 6679. H.M.S.O. 3*d*.
The Administrative Class of the Civil Service. Cmd. 6680. H.M.S.O. 1*d*.

A LONDON DIARY

MR. HARRIMAN, as those who follow these things expected, found Stalin alive and well and taking a holiday. The stories about his disappearance were obviously part of the general wave of anti-Soviet talk that is sweeping over Britain and the United States; it is partly the fault of the U.S.S.R. and partly a reflection of the perturbation felt by comfortable people when they hear that big estates are being broken up—in Hungary and Poland, I'm glad to say, as well as in Germany—and that Soviet influence pervades countries where Western business interests used to be able to insert a profitable finger. But that is only one side of the picture. Many soldiers who began by being very friendly to the U.S.S.R., are returning from Germany troubled by much that they hear about the Russian zone. Soviet officers in Berlin are, by all accounts, men of first-class ability and anxious to co-operate. I gather that some of these officers themselves admit that some sections of the occupying Red Army are undisciplined, rapacious and violent. After all, a large proportion of the front-line Russian troops, who were admirably disciplined, were killed and many of those who are now in Europe had come through devastated Russia, and found themselves in countries which display luxury such as they had never dreamed of. One result has been that reparations and seizures of ex-enemy machinery to refurnish the territory the Germans devastated are disastrously confused with individual loot. A further result is that, in countries occupied by Russian troops, public opinion, which might have been pro-Soviet, has oscillated in the opposite direction. The Soviet authorities are now very much aware of the damage done to their military reputation; Red Army forces have gone to Poland to put down Russian as well as Polish "banditry," and my information is that Moscow is now, as fast as possible, demobilising and at the same time replacing reserve divisions of Asiatic troops in Europe with reformed regular units.

* * *

All this, of course, is fine for people who loathe the idea of the Anglo-Soviet Alliance and the conception of the United Nations. Already the old game has started. The most violently Vansittartite papers, which used to blaze in contemptuous wrath when I or any other sane person pointed out that we should have to work with some Germans and that revenge was not a good policy, are already swinging back again and blaming the Russians and Czechs and Poles for their toughness to the Germans. Soon they will be saying how civilised the Germans have always been, and that Belsen was "much exaggerated," and that we ought to be on good terms with the nice, kind Western Germans. The total lack of any consistent sociological or political understanding in such people is really terrifying. It has always been true, and still is true, that the Germans will be dangerous again if we and the Russians quarrel; that they cannot ever be dangerous while Western Powers are in harmony with the U.S.S.R.; and that we ought to seek out the remnant of un-Nazified Germans to work with, while we resolutely remove from all positions of power and influence the Junkers, the great industrialists, the military caste, and the Nazi party. No Russian excesses in expulsions or loot make the slightest difference to the truth of these quite obvious propositions. But what the Russians notice is that we are upset about hunger in Germany and say nothing of similar conditions in the Ukraine and Poland. Above all, we are concerned with rebuilding the Ruhr, which naturally confirms their suspicions. In fact, we must rebuild the Ruhr. But it should be under an international authority (Russia included) for peaceful not military reconstruction.

* * *

From the letters that reach me every day I've noticed that feeling about demob. has been running higher in the R.A.F. than the other Services. But the following account from a personal friend in Central India suggests that things have begun to move a lot further than embittered correspondence:

> I told you in my last letter that trouble would come on the camp in view of the demob. situation and yet no sign of our doing the slightest bit of useful work. Well, during the week-end we were told that there was to be a full parade every day—not in working dress either, which meant that we'd have had to have changed again before starting work—billet inspections and kit inspections. Matters came to a head on Saturday when the chaps decided to march to work, cutting the C.O.'s parade and not waiting for our usual transport to the working area. The C.O. turned up for his parade and there wasn't a soul there. The chaps turned up at our working place in a body and refused to start work again until all parades, etc., had been cancelled. Many other things have caused discontent in the past few weeks, including the food which really has been grim. The C.O. tried to break the strike and called in Indian troops, armed and with armoured cars. In view of the very tense situation between the British and the Indians here, stupid was hardly the word for this. However, due to the good temper, even in a mob, of our chaps, all went fairly smoothly and the chaps just went back to their billets, determined not to start work again until all their demands were met. The A.O.C. flew down here yesterday, removed all the parades and armed troops, and promised better food. He talked to us and to a deputation we sent. All is now well and work proceeds as usual. This is happening all over India. I tell you this because we have all decided that our people ought to know the general temper of the troops out here.

I hope that this account is not so typical as he suggests. But it does indicate a nervy state of affairs which won't be helped by using Indian troops to reconcile men to a maddeningly futile routine.

* * *

I wrote last week about the desire of young ex-Servicemen to do active, constructive work. My remarks are strikingly confirmed by the response to a letter that appeared some weeks ago in the *News Chronicle* and that was reprinted in the *SEAC Bulletin*. The letter was signed by the Bishop of Hong-Kong, Margery Fry and George Woods, M.P. It told in a few words the story of George Hogg, who was head of the "Baillie" School in North China. The school trained young technicians to work in the Chinese Co-operatives, the most promising development of modern China. Hogg was only 31 when he died of tetanus, out of reach of normal medical aid. He was a remarkable man who loved China and lived with his boys in caves or old temples or by the roadside, wherever the school had to be. His book, *I See a New China*, which included a number of letters that had been published in this journal, was reviewed in these columns on March 17th. The letter in the *News Chronicle* explained that six men were needed to take Hogg's place, and emphasised that they would run the risk of dying as he had done, would have to learn Chinese, and like Hogg, "live the simple devoted life of the Sermon on the Mount." The *News Chronicle* headed the letter, "Wanted: Six men who are ready to risk Death." Some six hundred applications have been received, about half of them from young men in the Forces, mainly from S.E.A.C. They all say they are willing to face the risks. A typical example is the application of two service pilots who say they have "nothing to offer except goodwill and the fact that having destroyed things all through the war, they want to do something constructive."

* * *

A British officer started talking to me the other day about the limitless admiration the soldiers felt for conscientious objectors in this war—at least for those they know who served as ambulance men and were dropped by parachute, unarmed, into enemy country. He said that in his unit, if you wanted a black eye, you should say something snarky about C.O.s. I thought of this conversation when I picked up this week, *Human Guinea Pigs*, by Kenneth Mellanby (*Gollancz, 4s. 6d.*). The author is a doctor (a cvil, not as the blurb on the jacket states, an Arimy doctor) with no initial sympathy or understanding of pacifism. His book betrays a rather reluctant admiration for the volunteers, most of whom could have had cushy jobs if they had preferred. The actual job? To live in dirty underclothing and sleep in infected sheets; to contract and endure for months together the almost intolerable irritation and humiliation of scabies, so that doctors should have a better opportunity of trying out experiments on its parasites. Something to be said for unarmed parachuting.

* * *

A question and answer in the House of Commons last week revealed only a bit of the row which has been going on about air services between Britain and America. Pan-American announced a cross-Atlantic service three times a week at about half the price that its rivals, British or American, are charging. Pressure on the American Government led to the discovery of a technical error by Pan-American which has forced them to postpone the service, which was to begin in the middle of this month. One result is that at the moment there is a vast queue of important Americans, many of whom have booked their return fares, unable to get back to the States. The whole story wonderfully reinforces the argument for an international aviation service.

CRITIC

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

THOUGH common men do most abound
In this, our pure democracy,
The elevated common man
Forms part of Labour's Five-Year plan,
And social martyrs must be found
To join the aristocracy.

There meritorious volunteers
Take tasks no Labour snobs will do;
They form a proletarian cell
To split the diehard citadel;
Seven self-denying Labour peers
The Party's sticky jobs will do.

And as they tread on noble corns
In that blue-blooded House to-day,
Assuming with no trace of swank
The burden and expense of rank,
They wear the coronet of thorns
On their plebeian brows to-day.

The Party gives them no rewards
But unsought notoriety,
Good commoners and true, declassed,
They join the relics of the past,
Seven sacrificial Labour Lords
Exiled to high society.

Transported to baronial spheres
With labels of utility,
As Lords among the Lords they wait
Their Lordships' liquidation date,
To fall at last as Labour peers
With all the old nobility.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to E. M. Tipper.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

The *Bournemouth Times* learns a residence has been purchased in the near neighbourhood of the town by a near relative of Royalty. The importance of such a residence here cannot be magnified too highly.—*Bournemouth Times and Directory.*

One of the new coats so much in demand at —— that an early visit is advised to ensure your social standing during the coming months.—Advt. in *Glasgow Herald.*

I walked into a pub in Ramsgate, Kent, and a naval officer promptly chewed off the end of my tie.

This made me a fully-frayed member of the Ancient Order of Tie Chewers.—*Daily Mirror.*

Indents will be submitted to the appropriate command secretary on AF I.1391A, which is obtainable, on indent, from Army Form Depots.—Extract from *Army Council Instructions.*

Reqd., a vacancy in a first-class nursing home for four weeks, within 25 miles of London, for lady, not ill, but as refuge from domestic duties. No nursing required.—*Daily Telegraph.*

People buy books in order to read about sexual intercourse and erotic perversions.—*Horizon.*

SCIENCE AND WORLD GOVERNMENT

SOME people are worried about the risk of a scientific hierarchy getting control and dominating the world. If it were the least bit likely, I should be worried too, because, from long association, I know of no group less politically equipped to take charge than the scientists. It has been wisely said that the scientists should be "on tap but never on top." Actually, there is more cause to be worried about the alternative risk—that the scientists, far from being the ministers of our fate, will be the helpless instruments of it.

That question comes up urgently this week, because UNECO is now in session in London. The United Nations' Education and Cultural Organisation is to embrace science, but the Conference of Allied Ministers of Education which put up the proposals for the Organisation regarded science as something which is taught, or is found in books, and, by social-catalysis, becomes culture. The only reference to science in the draft proposals for the principal functions occurs as an afterthought:

> The Organisation shall assist the free flow of ideas and information among the peoples of the world through schools, universities and other educational and research institutions . . . with special attention to the exchange of information on the major educational and cultural developments, *including advances in scientific knowledge.*

The atomic bomb has dropped since that was drafted, and Miss Ellen Wilkinson has become Minister for Education. There has been a lot of to-ing and fro-ing; the British scientific bodies have at last been consulted and there is a disposition to see that science is properly identified and integrated and that the title is altered to United Nations' Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organisation—UNESCO—and to have three divisions within the Organisation: Education, Science and Culture, each responsible for its own field, but working closely together.

It would be wrong to make a false antithesis between Science and Education and Science and Culture; it belongs to both and some would say that it has been grossly misunderstood and mishandled by both the educationists and the humanists. It has also a very positive and active identity of its own. Yet, though the idea of a world organisation of Science has been mooted for over ten years, the responsible British scientific bodies, in spite of the vaunted "Scientific Method," have been singularly inept in producing a working plan for such an organisation. The only concrete scheme has come from the exiled Dr. Joseph Needham, the Science Counsellor at the British Embassy in Chungking.

Last year he proposed, with his own experience and fine work in China to reinforce it, a "Science Co-operation Service" which was to promote scientific co-operation in all its aspects; collect and disseminate scientific information; further schemes of research collaboration; facilitate the movement of scientists across national boundaries; provide scientific advice to governmental and diplomatic personnel and scientific assistance to other international organisations. In his scheme for UNESCO he has now incorporated these proposals.

As will be noticed, UNESCO (even as "rejigged") is essentially concerned with the "domestic" affairs of science, with promoting science and not with the consequences of science. If it is given powers and the wherewithal to promote researches, it may, of course, direct these researches to specific ends and produce political results, as the Mixed Commission of the League did when it surveyed the state of nutrition in various countries and led eventually to Hot Springs and to the setting up of the Food and Agricultural Organisation. It might, for instance, by applying science, lead to the development of the economy of backward countries. It could not, of course, be the custodian of the atomic bomb or affect the larger issues which are the affair of the World Security Council and the Social and Economic Council.

That is why there is influential support from outside scientific circles, for an autonomous Science Organisation which would deal with the *applications* of Science and which would serve both the Security and the Social and Economic Councils. It could be trustee for all fundamental discoveries, the holder of the Master Patents, as it were. Scientists, like the Curies in the case of radium and Fleming, Florey and Chain, the penicillin Nobel Prizewinners, give their findings freely to the world and disown all financial interest in the results of pure research. That, however, does not prevent impure commerce from exploiting these results to the public disadvantage. If a World Trustee had held the rights of Rutherford's atomic discoveries, the United States could scarcely have claimed them exclusively, even at the price of £500,000,000, and would have been relieved of the embarrassment of a "sacred trust." And such an organisation could give effect to Professor Hyman Levy's suggestion in *Peace and the Atom*, for a world system of international research institutions, with centres in Britain, the United States, the U.S.S.R., France, China, etc., to which nationals of all countries could go. Because of the resources and talent they could command, such institutions would oust National Research Laboratories from everything except problems of internal technical development. It would be the end of the scientific conspiracy, and of secret scientific research.

RITCHIE CALDER

THE CASE FOR PASTEURISATION

FOR many years an overwhelming majority of the medical profession has favoured the universal pasteurisation of milk. Resolutions in its favour have been passed by the Royal College of Physicians, the Royal College of Surgeons, the British Medical Association, the Society of Medical Officers of Health, and the Joint Tuberculosis Council. A report of the League of Nations Committee on Nutrition, issued in 1937, recommended in the strongest terms that pasteurisation should be compulsory. Even the Ministry of Health has repeatedly, though not very loudly, agreed.

Why then do we still allow our children to be killed or crippled by infected milk? The explanation lies in official timidity, public ignorance and apathy, and the prejudice deliberately instilled by those whose profits would be diminished by the expenses of the process. Housewives have been made aware of the unequalled food value of milk by vigorous official propaganda as well as by commercial advertisement. No similar propaganda has warned them of the fact that much of our milk supply is derived from diseased cows, or explained to them that bacteria as well as children thrive on milk.

From the moment that milk is exposed to the air, through the long process of transfer from vessel to vessel, from cowman to housewife, it is exposed to contamination by disease-bearing bacteria, for the growth of which it provides an exceptionally favourable medium. Moreover, milk when it leaves the cow is often highly infective to man.

No milk may be sold which contains water or less than 3 per cent. of fats and 8½ per cent. of other solids. It may, however, unless it is labelled "Certified," "Tuberculin Tested," "Accredited" or "Pasteurised," contain an unlimited number of bacteria. The Milk and Dairies Order of 1926 laid down various rules and regulations for ensuring the cleanliness of cows, cowmen, churns, bottles and premises, and it has since been made an offence for a farmer to sell milk from an obviously tubercular cow. But cows not clinically tubercular may give infected milk, and the urban consumer has little chance of assigning responsibility for subsequent contamination to any of the numerous people who have handled the milk before it reaches him. It may be impossible for him to discover even the name of the local authority responsible for enforcing the regulations in the district where his milk was produced. Grossly inferior milk is rejected before distribution under the Milk Testing Scheme, but the Ministry is not responsible for the condition of milk as it reaches the consumer, nor is the Milk Marketing Board. Responsibility is divided among a multiplicity of authorities, and for milk as finally delivered no legal minimum standard of bacteriological purity exists. Under the Food and Drugs Act the Ministry of Agriculture will take over supervision of conditions under which milk is produced. Distribution will remain under local authorities. Since milk for urban consumption passes through different local government districts, it is obvious that supervision cannot be effective.

There are various ways in which milk may be infected. One in every two hundred milch cows (according to the Medical Research Council's Report on Tuberculosis in Wartime) gives virulently tuberculous milk; and 6 per cent. of herds include such cows. It follows that nearly all bulked milk derived from twenty or more herds is infective; in other words, most non-pasteurised milk delivered in cities. As a result, between 1,500 and 2,000 people, mostly young children, die yearly from bovine tuberculosis. Many more are crippled.

Secondly, according to Professor G. S. Wilson and other authorities, between 20 per cent. and 40 per cent. of farms send out milk infected with *brucella abortus*, which causes undulant fever in man. About 400 cases of this disease are diagnosed yearly, but since the diagnosis requires blood tests and the symptoms are indefinite, many more cases probably remain undiagnosed. Thirdly, milk may be infected after leaving the cow, either by dust, flies, or dirty utensils, or by human carriers of specific diseases. Diseases of human origin known to be capable of transmission in milk include typhoid, dysentery, gastro-enteritis, scarlet fever, diphtheria and septic sore throat. Between 1913 and 1927 there were 113 epidemics proved to be milk-borne. Less virulent and extensive outbreaks probably go untraced.

Inadequate protection against bovine disease is at present given to a minority by the undemocratic system of grading. "Tuberculin Tested" milk is produced by herds which have undergone periodic veterinary examination and have passed three-monthly tuberculin tests. It must also pass a far from stringent bacteriological test. "Certified" milk must fulfil the same conditions and in addition must be bottled on the farm. "Accredited" milk is produced from cows which undergo periodic examination and is also subject to bacteriological tests. The cows are not tuberculin tested and no attempt is made to determine whether or not the prescribed minimum of bacteria include the tubercle bacillus or *brucella abortus*. The high-sounding title of "Accredited" means, therefore, very little. All three grades may be heavily infected with *brucella abortus* or with organisms of human origin, and since cows

may develop tuberculosis between inspections, there is no guarantee that even Tuberculin Tested milk is in fact free from tubercle bacilli.

These grades should ultimately be abolished and their place taken by universal compulsory inspection, with tuberculin testing and culling of reactors. An approach to this end was made before the war with the voluntary Attested Herds Scheme, at present covering one herd in nine. Later measures have included 10 per cent. of dairy cattle in voluntary schemes for the elimination of four other bovine diseases, including contagious abortion. Before these schemes can be made universal and compulsory, which is in any case impracticable during a world food shortage, we shall need thousands of additional vets. Before we can obtain them we must revolutionise our educational system. Before we can perfect the health of our cattle we must cleanse our Augean cowsheds by the laying on of water to farms. In the United States, where the initial incidence of bovine tuberculosis was not so high, its eradication has taken twenty years. It is essential that we should aim at the elimination of bovine disease, both to avoid the present appalling waste and to protect human health; but we cannot rely on this long-term policy and accept with resignation the fact that 50,000 or more of our children will meanwhile die of bovine tuberculosis alone. Only pasteurisation after the milk is bottled and sealed can provide protection from all infections now and from human infections when bovine disease has been eradicated.

Against the immense advantages of pasteurisation, the negligible nutritive loss has been passionately urged. It is supposed to "destroy the vitamins." In fact, vitamin C, which suffers a loss of about 20 per cent., is the only vitamin to be seriously affected by pasteurisation. Housewives, instructed by the Ministry of Food to preserve tomatoes, a rich source of this vitamin, by heating for an hour to a temperature of 250 F., comply without murmuring. It is hard to see what reasonable objection can be raised to the heating of milk, a poor source, to a temperature of 145 F. for half an hour. Vitamins A, B2 and D remain unchanged by pasteurisation. B1 suffers a 10 per cent. loss. Those who are concerned about this would do better to turn their attention to the impoverishment of flour. The arguments against pasteurisation have in fact been completely demolished, both by laboratory tests and by experience. No difference in rate of growth has been detected between children fed on pure raw and on pasteurised milk, and since the bulk of London's milk has been pasteurised the death rate from non-pulmonary tuberculosis has fallen by 76 per cent., as compared with 59 per cent. in rural districts.

A Socialist Government may be expected to place the interests of consumers first. Recent Governments have very obviously protected the producer at the expense of the consumer. The White Paper of 1943, after setting out the reasons for the rationalisation of distribution, promised protection to the producer and retailer by "freezing" their customers, and equal protection to the "frozen" customer through the pasteurisation of all ungraded milk. The provisions for the protection of the trader have been rigorously enforced; those for the protection of the customer have remained on paper. The result has been an unhappy compromise between free enterprise and Socialism. The consumer lacks the advantages of either system. The producer and retailer, their trade secured, relieved of the normal stimulus of competition without being subjected to more rigorous State control, have in many cases relaxed even their previous inadequate standards of hygiene. Thus, while the average intake of milk has risen from .45 of a pint to .58, its quality has very generally deteriorated.

The war is over and the long-suffering housewife may now rebel. Before the petrol ration for private cars is abolished, zoning regulations must go. Factories, materials and labour will now become available for the manufacture of pasteurising plant. Producers who cannot afford this plant must co-operate or convey their milk to publicly owned pasteurising stations, where it can be heated *after bottling* and so delivered without risk of further contamination. The primary responsibility for the health of children rests upon housewives. It is for them, unorganised though they are, to insist that the doctor's orders shall be carried out.

PATRICIA RUSSELL

SHAKESPEARE AND STRATFORD-ON-AVON

WHEN in 1770 Garrick was invited to challenge the English summer a second time, he refused. The previous year had seen his elaborate Jubilee at Stratford-on-Avon rained out.

> Allure everybody to visit the *Holy Land*. Let it not be said, for your honour, and I hope for your interest, that the town which gave birth to the first genius since the Creation is the most wretched-looking place in all Britain.

Stratford is to-day a serene and gracious market town. The curve of the river, with its cargo of swans, who by day are social and acquisitive, and by night vague, nebulous sleeping forms, and the valerian growing on the noble Clopton bridge, attract crowds of well-behaved people to picnic on the river's banks. There is gentleness here and dignity, "in hearts at peace under an English heaven."

Then, of course, there is the Memorial Theatre. This institution has certainly served the interest of Stratford: whether it has redounded to the honour of Shakespeare is another question. Last April, Lord Iliffe, chairman of the Governors, took legitimate pride in the fact that 194,000 persons paid for admission to the Theatre in 1944. The profit on the year's working was £22,945. He assured the seventieth annual meeting that "they were not accumulating money for its own sake," and the project of using the profits to tour productions of Shakespeare's plays abroad is in itself admirable. It is to be hoped that the standard of these productions will be worthy of the poet, of his birthplace, and of England. For the disagreeable fact must be faced that much of the present fare would receive short shrift from a critical audience. Dramatic charity can, moreover, begin at home, and if a wise expenditure of money can achieve worthy presentations, then the Memorial Theatre should house them. Stratford must be the place where there is certainty of seeing the best that scholarship, production, acting, and setting can achieve for Shakespeare's work. The town could become a national asset whither pilgrims from all over the world would come in homage to see the most distinguished productions of the plays. The Theatre could do for Shakespeare's work what Salzburg or Glyndebourne did for Mozart's. It is not enough to satisfy busloads of school children (seeing "the play set for the School Certificate"), the local territoriality, and holiday-makers. Productions must be such as to command the admiration of the discerning of all nations. Can nothing persuade these oddly selected Governors (a subscription of £100 purchases a Governorship) that their responsibility to Shakespeare does not stop when they have complacently counted 194,000 heads? Is it nothing to them that the Theatre which they administer is held in low esteem by the theatrical profession? Cannot they see that mediocrity is not enough?

For that is the measure of present achievement. Mr. Robert Atkins, in his two years, effected much improvement. Mr. Antony Eustrel, playing Mercutio, Antony, Iago, Ford, Henry VIII, Benedick and Marlow, built up a richly deserved reputation. But the general impression after seeing all the productions is of commonplace achievement. Actors grown old in the service of Stratford, and rooted in an antique tradition of playing, jostle shoulders with young peascods whose ambition to make a quick name for themselves prompts them to personal aggrandisement. Dead wood wants the axe: young saplings need to be "trashed for o'er topping." The resources with which the stage is equipped are rarely used. Too many scenes are monotonously played before tabs, which have often to be drawn when the action requires the slow fall of a curtain. The lighting is often elementary and always unsubtle, and it sometimes ignores Shakespeare's own hints in the text. Cleopatra, in her first entrance, passes suddenly from deep shadow to full glaring light. The first day's fighting at Actium is reported in virtual darkness against a preposterous backcloth inspired perhaps by *Desert Song*.

Past productions have been hampered by Pecksniffian finance and blinkered vision. Producers and players of outstanding quality fight shy of risking their reputations in a theatre which denies adequate rehearsal time. Too many plays have to be produced over too short a time. A company which has put on eight masterpieces after two months of rehearsal finds itself so exhausted that no further effort is made to remedy slipshod results. One producer is himself responsible for too many plays. Old productions are re-hashed. After each season the company is disbanded instead of playing together all the year round, either in Stratford or on tour, as was the Governors' original intention.

There is, however, a new spirit moving in the affairs of the Memorial Theatre, and a commercialised attitude is being challenged. Those responsible have national and international obligations. At his Jubilee in 1769 Garrick declaimed:

> Untouched and sacred be thy shrine,
> Avonian Willy, bard Divine.

The Memorial Theatre's past history has served Stratford's interests more than Shakespeare's honour. The moment is ripe for a new deal. It will be a national disgrace and betrayal if the opportunity is let slip. "Avonian Willy" is worth something better than the scurvy treatment Stratford has hitherto given his work.

JOHN GARRETT

BRITAIN'S FORESTS

(BY A CORRESPONDENT)

A NEW "forest year" opened on October 1st, and now a new planting season is beginning. The forest area of the United Kingdom is only 5.5 per cent. of the whole land area; even Holland and Denmark can boast over 7 per cent., while for France and Germany the figures are respectively 19.1 and 27 per cent. The Forestry Commission intends, however, to increase our forest area to 5,000,000 acres, at which figure nearly 9 per cent. of the country's 56,000,000 acres would be under timber-producing trees.

The full programme is to be spread over 50 years, but in the first post-war decade, which began last month, it is hoped that 600,000 acres of felled or neglected woodlands may be replanted, and 500,000 acres of bare land planted—to create that much new forest. This first year the programme proposed is relatively modest—10,000 acres of replanting and 25,000 acres of planting—for forestry is a long-term operation and expansion must be gradual.

Even these figures require many millions of trees, for the initial density when planting out is usually about 2,000 to the acre. Hence the war-time expansion of the Commission's nurseries, which were declared earlier this year to contain some 250,000,000 seedlings and 70,000,000 transplants.

Most of the forest programme is built upon the nurseries. Fewer than 10 per cent. of our forest trees come by natural regeneration, the rest are planted. Tree seed (which varies enormously in size and character from the 100 to the lb. of the oak's acorns to the 200,000 to the lb. of Sitka spruce and the 800,000 to the lb. of birch) is sown in prepared beds. Here the seedlings are usually protected from frost and sun-scorch, and the ground is, of course, carefully weeded. At the age of one or two years the seedling trees are lifted and "lined out" about two inches apart in lines about 10 inches apart. They have now become transplants, and it is not until they have had a

year or two in the transplant lines, to grow larger and to form better root systems, that they are taken up again and put out in the forest.

Newly planted forest must still be weeded for a few years, until the young trees grow big enough to dominate the rest of the vegetation, most of which they will eventually kill, and thus give the forester "a clean floor." But the young trees cannot be neglected. Most species must be pruned, so that persistent branches shall not make knots to spoil the lower and more valuable lengths of timber, and the plantations must be regularly thinned. The thinning of conifers usually starts at about fifteen years of age, and continues at five-yearly intervals. Even these earlier thinnings provide useful poles and pit-props; in later stages there is also larger timber, long before the final crop is felled—which may be anywhere from 40 to 100 years after planting.

With most hardwoods, and especially with oak, the position is rather different. These trees mature more slowly (oak is usually grown on a rotation of 140 to 180 years) and early thinnings are of little or no value. Further, oak is exacting as to soil; the coniferous or softwood trees are not only much faster growing, but they will also flourish on poor soils and in situations where nothing else could be economically produced.

Further, the demand for softwood timber is vastly greater; Britain was before the war consuming 94 per cent. of softwoods and 6 per cent. of hardwoods. Pitwood (props and other timber for the mines) is now the same kind of vital national need that oak for the Navy was in bygone centuries. Fortunately this country grows soft-woods particularly well and quickly; yields per acre are far heavier than in the most famous of the timber-producing countries on the Continent.

Of course, Britain's climate and soils are extremely varied, and our timber production is not dependent on the solitary indigenous species of conifer (the Scots pine), which is valuable as a timber tree. The Scots pine has, indeed, been largely and very successfully planted, but the State forests also include great tracts of Corsican pine, Norway spruce and larch, all from Europe, of Japanese larch, and of Sitka spruce and Douglas fir from North America. Other promising trees include the Western red cedar (*Thuya plicata*), from which some of the British Columbian Indians used to hollow their great war canoes carrying up to 40 men, the Lodgepole pine, which provided the supports for the Indian tepees, and the great Californian redwood, the world's tallest-growing tree.

Some people fear that the large-scale planting of foreign trees may spoil the traditional character of English rural scenery. Local changes there will be, as there already have been in (for example) the Thetford area, but the English landscape, by and large, depends less on forests than upon hedgerow trees and small woods—mere shaws or spinnies, chiefly valued as game coverts and for the shelter they provide. No general transformation need be feared, and such changes as do come will be gradual. Even if the whole of the 50 years' programme were completed overnight, England and Wales would still be only half as heavily forested as France.

It is difficult to forecast precisely the effect of larger forests on rural employment, but there can be no doubt that they have already helped, and will later help much more, to arrest the drift from country to town. Poor land under trees employs—and employs economically—up to 40 men per thousand acres, which is far more than poor land under sheep. The forest workers' holdings scheme, by which men receive a dwelling and about 10 acres of land at a very low rent, and are guaranteed 150 days' work a year in the forest, has proved a marked success and is to be further extended.

Another development of interest is the National Forest Parks, of which there are already four, in Argyll, Snowdonia, the Forest of Dean and the recently announced addition, Eskdale. In these parks special facilities are provided by the Forestry Commission for campers and other visitors who come to enjoy the magnificent scenery and to observe something of Britain's State forests. It is hoped that another 10 or 20 such National Forest Parks may be established during the first post-war decade which has now begun. Such forests as Savernake, Wareham (Thomas Hardy's Egdon Heath, just inland from Corfe Castle) and Brendon (overlooking the Bristol Channel) come to mind immediately as possible "Parks."

DEADLINE BY THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK

SAY what you like about reparations, but I was there first. The safe was a small one, and needed no cracking, for they gave me the key. There were a few records of the Luneburg newspaper staff which I threw away and a roll of a few hundred marks. They were Nazi Party funds, weren't they? And this was a party.

It's not every day, even in Occupied Germany, that you start a newspaper. I was doing it only once a month. And this was the last, and the best. Even the old crone who lost her rooms because of us was pleased with the idea of the party. She had been the first to greet me in the place. We had been to the wrong office in the town, and then had been directed to the main square and to two trees, behind which, they said, was the newspaper office. This was patently incorrect. A bum steer. No newspaper office had ever been in such a lovely setting.

But the old crone put her head out of the window and then let us in to a big hall with twin staircases of heavy carved oak. The walls were covered, every foot of them, with tiny antlers, and even the chandelier was made of horn. The hall was flagged, and there were big oak tallboys. And in the corner a grandfather clock.

"Bitte schön wo ist der Zeitung?" I said, and she was even equal to that. "But it is here," she said. "Here for three hundred years past." Up the left stairway were the editorial rooms. Straight ahead was the advertisement department. Down two worn steps and into the timbered courtyard and turn to your left, there was an ivy-covered wall and behind it a rotary. Above that again were six linos. The sagging roofs hid a newspaper office.

We made noises like business-men to the owner. Took over a house as billet, phoned for ten weeks' supply of newsprint, checked with Military Government, and said: "We start a new paper next Wednesday. 120,000 copies twice weekly. Deadline eighteen hundred hours on Wednesday. Deadline by the grandfather clock."

There are some folk who exaggerate. There were people, for instance, who said that in three weeks in that place I would be found in swallow-tails, with a stovepipe hat, writing sonorous phrases with a quill pen and using sand for blotting paper. The grandfather clock, they said, would do that. The carved table I put my portable on, and the tapestry chair I sat on, and the creaking doors of the cupboard where I kept the schnapps for visitors—they would do that for me. But some people will say anything.

We threw out the Nazis from the press-room, made up a dummy for five columns per page, stole type and new lino matrices to replace the old German characters, bought some reporters and some ladies with tattooed numbers on their forearms (the concentration camp sign), made some blocks, got an overdraft from the bank, dealt out the agencies, calmed the doubters and ordered trucks for 3, 4 and 5 a.m. next Wednesday. You can do that in the Army, and I liked doing it, trying to show the Germans who was the Master Race.

We were a strong newspaper team according to British Army standards. There was a lieutenant speaking perfect German, and another boy from the tanks who had been on a boys' paper in England for a year, there was me, and there was Binns, the driver-batman. Binns did the administration of the billet and had given me a front room, for he slept lightly and it was noisy in front. It was a good arrangement, for every morning at six I woke to the sound of the Russians singing, Russians going home in convoys. They sang lustily and well as they went past in their crowded trucks, and, fearing to go to sleep again, I would lean out of the window and wave to them. All the trucks were covered with red flags and pictures of Stalin and Molotov, and often there would be a Russian girl holding the flag erect and leading the singing to annoy the Germans. Yes, the morning convoys were dramatic—and useful. At seven I would wake Binns, who would get up at half-past to let in the German cook, who would bring tea to Binns, in his quiet room, and to me as well.

By Tuesday, the day before publication, we had the leader page ready, a page of local news, and the Regierungs President had come across nicely with a piece about himself, with picture. We also had a page for Kultur, helped by Yehudi Menuhin, who had played for the Poles in a village near by, and by the German cook, who had a good propaganda story to tell (her husband was a colonel in the German army). We also had a name for the paper at last. As a courtesy we had asked the President, and he had suggested as title "In and Around Luneburg Kreis Generally and West of the Elbe." But it looked too long in German so we called it "Luneburg Post."

We had more tattooed ladies by now to deal with the crowds in the hall, and the radio was working day and night, taking German news in Morse from London. We had spent all the overdraft, much of it on advances of pay, but we had been able to get an immense blonde reporter out of uniform and jackboots and into a neat blue suit, as he was frightening Military Government. My room was already full of empty champagne bottles and gladioli and superb furniture and visitors, and we had good contacts in the 600-year old Ratskeller, now the Officers' Club. I only had to say "Two fertilisers" and the Italian barman would sling schnapps and kirsch and benedictine together into a passable cocktail. We even remembered the Local Sensation for the first issue; the police chief had been sacked.

The ads. were in type for the back page and there was a nice picture of the Beast of Belsen for the front. We ran a paragraph from the paper of A Hundred Years Ago and chose, maladroitly, the meat prices in the market at that time. But most of the time I spent looking out through the dusty windows at that lovely square, with the sun on the old houses and the droshkys or sulkys standing to await the farmers' wives.

Then we found the safe. Administering the death-blow to a conscience already in the Iron Lung, I ordered the party for the first edition. A One-Man Reparations Commission.

A piano, stolen by Binns, in the courtyard, a pianist and a fiddler and a cellist. Chairs from next door, tables and more flowers. A Dutch butler in tails and the Wop barman, a soldier from the R.A.S.C. who said he had worked at the Savoy, canapés made by the German cooks from Army rations, champagne from Hamburg and a dozen bottles of Fertiliser. A press photographer and a special souvenir edition with a column in English, printed invitations taken by the tattooed ladies all round town, for the President and the Vice, the Chief of Police and the Burgomeister, the office staff and the cooks, and all Military Government. Military Police at the door and German police to park the cars This, I hoped, was practical Democracy. But we were not going to leave one military law unbroken.

At eight by his own watch the Military Government chief made a little speech and pressed the button for the rotary to start. Nothing whatsoever happened, and my first issue remained resolutely on the rollers. Five minutes of fiddling by the Herr Factor, and the forty-year-old press roared—well, growled—into action, and the first copies of the *Luneburg Post* hit the cobbles.

The grandfather clock in the hall struck eight.

ROLAND WILD

RADIO NOTES

To judge by all the letters except one that have reached me on the subject of the Elisabeth Schumann recital, I was right in thinking that listeners in the West of England were on the whole greatly irritated by the failure of their station to carry the programme. One correspondent added that if the B.B.C. were "a competitive service instead of a monopoly they would see that we got proper reception in the West of England." That is, of course, a point, but not one that I have room to discuss now. The real crux of the situation seems to me to lie in the question of transmission. Now that Security conditions are in abeyance, there ought not to be any spot in Great Britain where it is impossible to hear more than one station without "fading" and distortion of various kinds. If it had been true—which in fact it was not—that West of England listeners were all as lucky as one person who wrote to me that I had only to tune in to Welsh Regional in order to hear Mme Schumann perfectly, then the West of England might possibly have been justified in ignoring the programme. But my own experience, and that of other listeners in that part of England, make it clear that B.B.C. transmission in general is not yet up to optimum standard. Indeed, one correspondent complained that reception of that particular broadcast was equally bad on *all* wavelengths. The regions cannot be expected to take that into account, and of course it will always remain true that the task of fitting a pattern of regional programmes into the Home Service schedule, which is planned long in advance and has in most respects a Medes-and-Persians rigidity, is a peculiarly difficult one. They cannot hope to please all their listeners all the time; but a region which failed to transmit, within the space of a fortnight, the Schumann recital, the Telepathy programme, Denis Johnston's *Weep for Polyphemus*, and *The Seagull*, may justly be accused either of inefficiency or of parochialism and a shivery lack of enterprise. The ideal solution, naturally, is a more efficient system of transmission and land lines throughout the country; for even the best receiving sets are powerless to make anything of bad reception, and indeed, when the latter is exceptionally villainous, the cheaper sets often give out a less disagreeable sound, just because they are less sensitive than the high-quality sets and do not reproduce the distortions with so dog-like a fidelity. As things are at present, transmitting conditions seem unlikely to improve very rapidly, and meanwhile, I suppose, we must be content with "logging" in search of any programme we particularly wish to hear.

It is not often nowadays that we get the chance of hearing so extraordinarily good a string quartet as the Gertler, which played Kodaly's *Quartet in D* last Sunday night at the meticulously stygian hour of 11.3 p.m. The work itself was full of interesting and beautiful sounds, but as a whole rather disconnected and fumbling. There was nothing fumbling about the performance: the string tone was magnificently rich and assured, and the cohesion of parts quite remarkable. We ought to be given many more opportunities of hearing this fine ensemble, and at hours when most of us are wider awake.

RECOMMENDATIONS:—*Nov.* 4. Morean Sinfonietta (3.2); Music of Grieg (9.30).

Nov. 5. Paris Conservatoire Orchestra (6.45); "The Day of Glory" (Play by H. E. Bates, 9.15).

Nov. 7. "The Outstation" (Somerset Maugham, 4.15); "On the Field of Kulikovo" (Cantata by Shaporin, 7.45); "X-Rays" (10.0); Fauré Piano Quartet in G minor (11.20).

Nov. 8. Bax Quintet in G minor (3.0); "The Celestial Omnibus" (E. M. Forster, 9.30).

Nov. 9. Folk Songs (8.0); New Poems (11.30).

Nov. 10. "Dangerous Corner" (J. B. Priestley, 9.20 p.m.).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

TWO PLAYS

The story of the last of the Romanovs will stand many re-tellings. Sir Osbert Sitwell's version, written with Mr. R. J. Minney, deals with the last two years of his reign, and shows the Tsar's prevailing passion for domestic life as secluded, and as English, as possible. While the dynasty is cracking, he will discuss, with the Tsarina, the respective merits of *The Rosary* and *To the Postern Gate*. This bold attempt to stage such a play on the tiny stage of the Lindsay Theatre is only partly successful. The character of the Tsar is one of ordinariness. His tastes are plain, his speech is simple. Yet Mr. Ernest Milton proffers every word of his part with dreadful admiration as if it were some beautiful but haunted oriental jewel. He can no more be simple than he can be uninteresting. The scenes with his family are more successful than the scenes with his troops of ministers and advisers. Miss Mavis Walker as the Tsarina shows the necessary Lady Macbeth-like devotion to a doomed cause. But the counsellors, buried in gigantic beards or with bald wigs crammed down over an abundance of youthful hair, need wiser production to appear convincing. Perhaps it is a fault in the play that with the exception of Rasputin, whose short appearance is effective, no one whose importance is less than that of a junior Grand Duke is allowed to show his nose for a moment, so that we are left with the impression that where everybody's somebody, then no one's anybody. On the whole, we are not surprised that in the abdication scene, which is played and written with much pathos, the Tsar so readily exchanges the company of the State for that of the Tsarevich, especially as this 12-year-old character is enchantingly acted by Robert Gittings (in spite of the fact that, like most of the rest of the cast, he is a little young for the part).

"Whatever else it is, it's not a play." Disarming words—especially when spoken in a bored-critic voice by a charming actress in the bold exculpation of a speech delivered at the end of *The Forrigan Reel*, in heroic couplets. The art of Epilogue should be revised. But outside in the cold, critical lamplight of Rosebery Avenue, we remember, tantalisingly, that whatever it was, it wasn't quite. All the good things in this play are collected in the bottom of the pail. The beginning is skim milk and it is too long before we realise what it is all about. The theme is the Boredom of Wives, which cannot be treated even by a journey into a Scots glen painted with delicate Vlaminck colours by Mr. Cooke. What cures them in the end is a mixture of hooch, dancing, and a combination of the magic touch of a native witch-doctor with that hard slap on the bottom by means of which Voewe did such splendid work with hysterics in Vienna in 1920. At the beginning we feel that we've had the Beggar's Opera Englishman marching up and down to music, and we've had Scots zanies, and that private jokes in general lose their point if they have to be bellowed across the waste spaces of Sadler's Wells. But in the end, Mr. Davie's music charms us into attention, and Mr. Bridie knows just how to fire off the subterranean mines of Alastair Sims' humour with sombre reflections on the theme of sudden death: "That it's a terrible thing. It would kill a horse."

STEPHEN POTTER

"This Way to the Tomb," at the Mercury Theatre

Ronald Duncan's poetic Masque, with its subtle rhyming and effective satire, is used to convey a Chestertonian attack on materialism. It is divided into two parts; the first presents the temptations of St. Antony, who until the last moment was unable to find the peace of God because, in rejecting the sins of the flesh, he could not cast out the sin of Pride. The second half, the "Anti-masque," presents the shrine of St. Antony in the twentieth century; on the day when the peasants expect the Saint to rise from the dead. But the tomb is actually haunted by a television unit which tours the world exposing religious pretensions, under the illusion that the living spirit of a saint can be photographed. The modern young things who want to expose the superstition of the peasants obtain no scientific results, and trample on St. Antony when he appears. But they discover in themselves the fear of their own emptiness. The beautiful words of the Masque were perfectly enunciated by Robert Speaight, whose performance of St. Antony is throughout beyond praise. Among the rest of an excellent cast one may mention particularly Frank Napier, who achieves exactly the right degree of smugness as a fourteenth-century disciple wishing to become famous by writing St. Antony's biography, and the right degree of hypocrisy as a twentieth-century priest who does not believe in

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Christianity. The play falters only at the end, where Ronald Duncan leaves the audience unsure whether his conclusion supports the whole Catholic view or is only meant as an attack on the scientific age which thinks that the only realities are those you can record with a machine. Benjamin Britten's songs are finely sung by Eric Shilling. This is a performance of real intellectual and æsthetic value.

THE MOVIES

"Burma Victory." Generally released
"Rhapsody in Blue," at Warner's

General Flynn's airy escapades are forgotten for the real thing. *Burma Victory*, generally released after a week's run at Warner's, can take its place with *Desert Victory* and *The True Glory* among war documentaries, and I am not sure that it isn't a better record than either. It realises the jungle, for example, as *Desert Victory*—fine and dramatic though that film was—never realised the desert. The monsoon, with which it opens, is insistently, almost lovingly, elaborated; water, water everywhere, and two Tommies chew over sardonically the amenities of a travel article. Throughout, the film impresses one with the impossibility of waging war in such conditions: malarial rain, trackless jungle, unfordable rivers and mountain ranges. But, as Wingate had proved, it could be done. (A good account of his reconnoitring campaign will be found in Major Bernard Fergusson's *Beyond the Chindwin*, published by Collins.) An army of 10,000 specially trained men could be parachuted into Jap-held country, and its supplies maintained by air. This operation, the biggest of its kind ever attempted, was successfully carried out. Losses, in the preliminary landings, were heavy; thirty-five gliders out of sixty-seven failed to get through; but within a few hours engineers had constructed a landing ground for the main force. So, in the face of incredible difficulties, we see a supply route cut in zigzags up the mountain, a Bailey bridge assembled piece by piece to convey General Slim's army over the Chindwin. Reconnaissance views show the whole terrain spread out like the relief maps at headquarters. A dotted line flows up a valley, an arrow prods at a stronghold; then the camera brings us back to earth where mules slip and disappear in mud or men hack their way inch by inch towards the unseen enemy. One sequence is so remarkable that it has captured the imagination of every reviewer; the jungle waking up at night round a handful of men. Whistlings, wails, catcalls break out; one distinguishes the whoop of gibbon answering gibbon; then a mocking voice from the Japs fifty yards away, squealing insults in the hope of provoking a reply. These nightmare moments are fantastically vivid, and the whole film brings this front nearer than the fronts in Europe and Africa. It has the advantage, not only that its director, Captain Roy Boulting, has gained in experience and skill since the days of *Desert Victory*, but that the material itself is fresh as paint; censorship prevented us during the war from seeing more than a driblet of newsreel from Burma. The suggestion from one or two quarters that this film may have arrived too late to make its mark seems to me extraordinary. Memories aren't quite so short as that, unless one lives in a world of celluloid.

Now *Rhapsody in Blue*, a biography of Gershwin, does strike me as being stale beyond endurance. To have to listen once again, in a film lasting two and a half hours, to *two* performances of that Tin Pan classic, through all its wailing and hiccuping sentiment, is painful enough, but I could stand that if Gershwin weren't being continually hailed in this film as the equal of Brahms and Schubert. That Gershwin had talent I don't for a moment deny; he gave a tune to the extravagant vulgarity of his time and place. Some of his early vaudeville and bits of *An American in Paris* and the negro opera *Porgy and Bess* have a musical interest, possibly because they aren't overfamiliar. Apart from its attempt to support a tottering legend, *Rhapsody in Blue* revives a period and lets out more about its subject than one might expect. Robert Alda convincingly imparts a narcissistic charm. Gershwin, turning from music to paint a self-portrait in evening dress—meeting Ravel and murmuring reverently, "Bolero"—seems quite in character.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

SPANISH COMMENTARY

SIR,—The suspension of Mr. Guyatt, Spanish Programme Organiser to the B.B.C., and the dismissal of Mrs. Grant, his Senior Talks Assistant, seem to me to deserve more attention than they have yet received.

From September, 1941, to March of this year I served in the B.B.C. European Service, at first as General Intelligence Officer, and for the last four months as one of the Policy Editors. In both these capacities I was in daily contact with Mrs. Grant, and I also met Mr. Guyatt very frequently. Both of them were devoted, able and well-informed servants of their country and of the Corporation, always anxious to take an objective and far-sighted view of their tasks, and always willing to accept, from the proper authorities, any ruling on policy when once the implications had been discussed. I find it impossible to believe that their characters have so changed in the past six months that they can no longer be considered reliable and responsible people.

The difficulty seems to be that to-day there is no official machinery for laying down policy in advance, and that the wartime organisation for ascertaining the reactions of public opinion in Europe has been disbanded. Programme organisers are left with no other guidance than the public announcements of the Foreign Secretary, and the new Controller is left with no criterion at all by which he can judge the success or failure of their activities. It is natural that in such circumstances the Controller (and the Director General) may be tempted to play for safety by avoiding all delicate topics and all subjects of real interest to the European audience. It is less natural that they should suspend or dismiss able and fair-minded assistants whose detailed knowledge of the problems of European broadcasting they cannot hope to equal.

But the most serious aspect of the matter is not the suspension or dismissal of the editorial staff, but the abrupt cessation of all political commentaries in Spanish. Now that there is no longer an adequate organisation to assess the reactions of Spanish opinion to our broadcasts, no one will be able to state with certainty what those reactions have been. But it is very clear that in countries which lack a free press and radio, people habitually listen to the B.B.C. with a far more critical ear than they do in this country. They note what is not said as well as what is said; and now, after four years of able and well-informed talks in praise of democracy, they will note the silence. They may infer that His Majesty's Government has made a bargain with General Franco; they may equally well decide that the silence is a prelude to violent action. Without a proper survey of public opinion, one cannot say. But one thing is clear: the abrupt termination of the programmes (whatever their merits or demerits) will be regarded by the Spanish audience as a major political decision. An act which is regarded by the people of another State as an important political decision automatically becomes an important decision. Was this decision taken by the higher authorities of the B.B.C. on the advice of the Foreign Office, or was it taken without consultation?

552, King's Road, S.W.10. MICHAEL ROBERTS

THE HAMPSTEAD PETITION

SIR,—We are sorry to see that misrepresentation of an action of which you disapprove is a part of the

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policy of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. Since we understand you have ample connections with Hampstead you cannot plead ignorance as an excuse for the complete distortion of the facts relating to our petition to Parliament contained in your "London Diary" for October 27, from which we quote as follows:

(1) "The Jew is always the scapegoat, and in Hampstead an organised group of Tory women is blaming him for the housing shortage."

Our petition prays for the repatriation of German and Austrian refugees, and we, and so far as we know all others who have supported it, have been meticulously careful to avoid making it a racial issue, or exploiting in any way the fact that many of these refugees are Jews. That is precisely what you have done, and we protest strongly against having your action, which we do not admire, attributed to us.

Furthermore, we started the petition entirely ourselves, and it has been circulated and signed quite spontaneously by all sorts of people, including, we are told, some Socialists and Jews. We are not connected with the "Tory" party, or any "organised group," and it is ridiculous to refer to us two as "an organised group of Tory women." We have been helped by many different people and in particular by a member of the Women's Guild of Empire, who was kind enough to advise us on the formal wording; but neither this nor any other organisation has the slightest responsibility for starting it, publicising it, or collecting signatures. Personally we find somewhat unsavoury your determination to drag in the Jewish question and make political capital out of it at the approaching municipal elections.

(2) "The petition, which proposes that all aliens in the Hampstead Burgh shall be forcibly repatriated, touches the depths of political illiteracy . . . ."

Our petition does *not* propose these things, and if you had troubled to read it before criticising it you could scarcely translate "German and Austrian refugees" as "all aliens." It is remarkable that, so far, the very moderately worded petition which was actually signed and presented to our M.P. has been immune from criticism as it stands, while the most outrageous abuse has been directed against us as alleged authors of a series of violently inflammatory statements invented by our critics. Your special contribution to peace and goodwill is the word "forcibly."

(3) "Its authors suggest that if aliens cannot be shipped away at once, they should be interned."

This is quite untrue, and is a suggestion for which you must bear sole responsibility.

The arrogant behaviour of some individual Germans, and in particular the suggestion of the German Refugee Committee that thousands of our men should emigrate to make room for them, has aroused a perfectly natural defensive feeling among the local English people, which has every right to free and fair expression. The attempt to suppress this by violent abuse and accusations of Fascism, anti-Semitism and so forth, can only result in intensifying the feeling of indignation. No doubt you know what you are doing in thus trying to flog up a quite natural and moderate defensive feeling into something more violent, which may provide an excuse for repressive measures. We are not prepared to help you. It is because we do not want our country to be torn by racial strife and to follow in the steps of Germany that we want these people of German culture to return to their Fatherland where they are most needed. We note that millions of Germans are in fact being *forcibly* expelled from Russian-occupied countries, from Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, thousands from Denmark, Norway and almost every other country except our own, sometimes under terrible conditions of hardship. We see none of the violent accusations of "Fascism," etc., which have greeted a mild petition for the repatriation of some thousands of refugees from this country, which can neither feed nor house all its own people, and which needs every habitable building for its own homeless.

As to food, it is clear that a ration can be imported there as easily as it can here—and the diversion of the equivalent of the British ration for each person returned to Germany would on balance benefit that country.

Finally, the storm of false accusations of Fascism, Belsenism, etc., directed at our heads makes it quite clear that, now that the slogans of Fascism and Hitlerism are so thoroughly discredited, "anti-Fascism" alone provides scope for the Goebbels technique.

78 Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3 — MARGARET CRABTREE, SYLVIA GOSSE

[The facts are as Critic stated them. The threat was not limited to Germans and Austrians. The text of the petition ran: "We . . . petition the House of Commons in a request that aliens of Hampstead should be repatriated." Further, in a statement in the *Hampstead and Highgate Express* of October 12, Mrs. Crabtree said that if the refugees cannot be repatriated at once, they "can be housed in army camps, prisoner of war camps," etc. She also said that the Fighting Fund for Freedom and the Women's Guild of Empire "helped to draw up" the petition. Efforts to trace "the German Refugee Committee," to which the writer of the above letter refers, have failed. Every known organisation of German and Austrian refugees has repudiated the opinions attributed to this "Refugee Committee." We did not say that the petition mentioned Jews, but in fact 90 per cent. of the local refugees are Jews. As we made no accusation of "Fascism, Belsenism, etc.," much of the above letter is tarradiddle. In the meanwhile, Hampstead by a vote of its Burgh Council has condemned the petition.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

PALESTINE

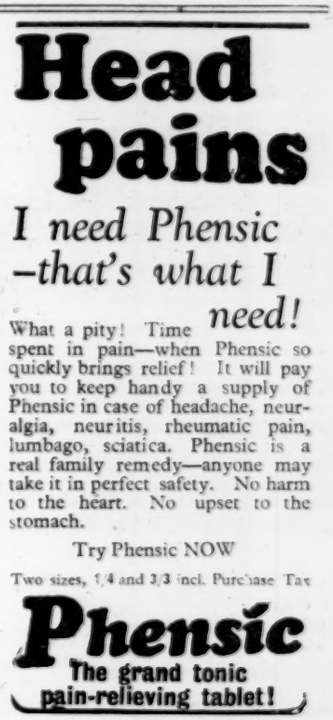
SIR,—With his never-failing realisation of contemporary facts, H. N. Brailsford has, in his article "A Plan for Palestine," made a most valuable suggestion for the settlement of a terribly difficult problem. I am naturally gratified at his implied acceptance of the contention, that I made some months ago in your columns, that any settlement depends on persuading the heads of the Arab states of the economic and political advantages to the whole of the Middle East from the inclusion of a prosperous and progressive industrial state within an Arab Confederation. And Brailsford's important complementary suggestion is that it is within the competence of American capital to affect Arab opinion towards this realisation.

It is not to be denied that Great Britain is specifically pledged to the furtherance of the Zionist policy. But it has to be accepted that no British Government could, in the present world chaos, risk an Arab war to compel the mass immigration that President Truman has advocated, but which the United States will certainly not send her forces to protect. Great Britain would have to face trouble in Palestine alone and there is considerable doubt of the attitude of Moscow.

It is certain, too, that protracted and possibly costly fighting in Palestine would vastly encourage the latent anti-Semitism in this country, and those of us who not only feel the utter beastliness of anti-Semitism but also know its inevitable results dare not ignore this danger. SIDNEY DARK

Savile Club, W.1.

SIR,—I have a growing desire to quarrel with Mr. Brailsford, whom I nevertheless devoutly admire. But must he shin faster and faster up a most dangerous tree by confusing industrialisation with democracy? I observe it nowadays in all his works. The last words of his interesting article on Palestine give the clue to his thought—"if we give the engineers their chance." If we give the engineers their chance, Mr. Brailsford seems to say, we will get democracy.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And he further implies, if I read him aright, that the Arab really doesn't deserve to keep his country unless he uses the latest agricultural and industrial methods. This is a very popular argument to-day when there happens to be a world shortage of goods, but I should hate to think that it follows that nations should be judged and evicted, if necessary, on grounds of industrial efficiency. In that case we should do better to hand over the management of England to the U.S. at once, and undoubtedly the Japanese would do better than English or Indians in India. (And as for India, does Mr. Brailsford recommend the bi-national state—into which he says Palestine might "happily evolve"—there? He can see just what it is doing in that country!) I am never quite sure what "democracy" means, but I should have thought Islam to be the most equalising creed in the world, and the Arabs more closely knit than any other great race. When Mr. Brailsford tells me that there is no living Arab democracy, I can't help wondering if he implies that there is a living Jewish democracy?

The Palestine problem sure is tough, but I don't believe that Mr. Brailsford's communal (Indians please note) autonomies, or up-to-date factories, will solve it. The Arabs have been there for as long, let us say, as we've been in England: and we shouldn't really appreciate American or German or Russian colonies and factories here, however efficient they might be. Mr. Brailsford says that there are a mere 100,000 Jews whose cases are "urgent" and if we divide that number by the—how many? United Nations who fought the war for freedom and all that, it wouldn't, I feel, be difficult to park them quite comfortably.

LIONEL FIELDEN

55 Park Lane, W.1.

THE NUREMBERG TRIALS

SIR,—"Critic" writes that there is no reason why the Belsen trials should not be conducted as ordinary criminal trials; and goes on to extend the same remark to the coming Nuremberg trials.

As regards the Nuremberg trials, at any rate, this seems to me highly disputable.

In an ordinary criminal trial it is admitted by both sides that there is a "law" against whatever the accused is being tried for. The whole trial, therefore, resolves itself into a question of *fact*—whether the accused has, in fact, broken this law. If he has, it is common ground that he should be punished.

Our trials at Nuremberg show a very different state of things. There cannot be (fundamentally) any dispute about facts at all. The accused are, for the most part, accused of conspiracy to make war upon the rest of Europe. This is precisely what they did do; they cannot deny it; the facts are known to the whole world. What is—or might be—in dispute is how the facts should be regarded. From our Western point of view, these men can only be regarded as among the foulest criminals that the world has known (and, I personally, should have not the faintest objection to that). But from their own point of view, from the German point of view, they might be regarded very differently. From the German point of view they are splendid heroes; and their only fault—though it is a grave one—is that in the end they failed.

Is there any way out of this *impasse*? I think there is. The "trials" should be confined strictly to establishing the identity of the accused. As soon as that is established, the Court should impose whatever sentences they think fit. This procedure would satisfy both our own and the Germans' idea of justice. It would satisfy our own, because to us these men *are* criminals. It would satisfy the Germans (including the accused), because these men are undoubtedly the losers; and, according to German ideas of justice, "the defeated have no rights."

A. R. CRIPPS

33 Hampstead Hill Gardens, N.W.3.

THE FISH QUEUE

SIR,—I have been interested in the discussion in your columns about the Fishing Industry in Grimsby. I think, however, that Mr. Wild does little to assist the solution of a difficult problem by suggesting in his last paragraph that Grimsby is a paradise of free enterprise, where non-interference by the Government is a sovereign remedy for prosperity.

Of course trade is brisk while fish in the sea is plentiful and a severely rationed public is ready to buy everything the fisherman can bring in at maximum prices. Big money is being earned by fishermen as well as by owners and merchants, but the August strike showed that the fear of insecurity haunts the fishermen as it does the dockers. If the industry is allowed to return to the unrestrained competitive chaos of pre-war days, a few may profit but the majority, including owners and merchants, will suffer.

The industry and the Government have a short period of grace in which to put this very antiquated house in order before over-fishing of the grounds, undercutting in the markets and under-consumption in the home once more bring on a crisis. I can assure Mr. Widocks that Labour M.P.s propose to take a very active interest in this problem for the sake both of the fishermen and of the nation's food supply. Already a Fisheries Committee has been formed for the purpose.

As regards the "barking octogenarians," I prefer the opinion of Mr. Widocks to that of Mr. Wild. Indeed I hope some of them may have vanished from the municipal scene within a few days of this letter reaching you.

K. G. YOUNGER,
House of Commons, S.W.1. M.P. Grimsby.

"PROBLEMS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE"

SIR,—The reviewer, surely, is entitled to his opinion, and the author has no ground of complaint whatever it be. Mr. L. F. Easterbrook ends his notice of my book, however, with a question—"What is biting Mr. Orwin?"—and this is my answer.

I am mindful of tens of thousands of decent rural families living under slum conditions, their houses damp and dark, the accommodation often insufficient for decency, let alone for comfort; without water, light or sewage. I am mindful of tens of thousands of decent farm men working in an industry which offers them no chance of rising, men who have got as far as they can ever go when they qualify for the minimum agricultural wage at the age of twenty. I am mindful of tens of thousands of decent children born and brought up in village communities too small to give them either full education or an adequate social life. I am mindful, too, of a few complacent agricultural journalists who keep on telling their readers how grand it all is, and what on earth is there for anyone to make a fuss about?

C. S. ORWIN

The Malt House,
Blewbury, Didcot.

THE BUDGET

SIR,—The admirable Budget presented by Mr. Dalton contains one surprising feature one would not have expected from a Socialist Chancellor. The difference in taxation between the salary earner and the *rentier* remains negligible. For example, between the income levels of £8,000 and £10,000 for a married couple with two children the salary earner is taxed only twopence in the pound less than the couple living entirely on inherited money. At a lower level of income the same lack of discrimination is shown. A married couple with two children living on inherited money bringing in £3,000 a year benefit by over £130 by the present Budget and pay out of their income only sixty odd pounds more than the salary earner.

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JONATHAN CAPE

BOOKS IN GENERAL

DICKENS'S creatures are both magical and human: we can see, touch, smell them; they jostle us off the pavement and drive us from the room with their loud and endless loquacity. This is a commonplace of criticism; less generally noticed, perhaps, is the manner in which the outsize figures—the monsters, of which all the novels supply a certain number—are used to set off the life-size figures of the foreground. Always background characters (*flat*, as E. M. Forster would call them), they fulfil the important function of guaranteeing the veracity of the more normal surroundings in which they strut, crawl, or posture. Pecksniff, Quilp, the Beadle in *Oliver Twist*, and, in the object of our present enquiry, *Dombey and Son*, Major Bagstock: these are essentially monsters, intended to amuse or frighten, yet always with an eye on some truth, droll or horrid. Dickens was too thoroughly a man of his age—the age of mid-Victorian industrial crudescence—to indulge in dreams unanchored to the everyday world. The fantasies of Lautréamont and of post-1918 poetry would have seemed to him silly—as much a waste of valuable time as the spiritual inferno of Dostoevsky would have seemed to him an outrageous extravagance. His own brand of poetry consists in juxtaposing and embroidering only those notions which are common alike to educated and uneducated minds. The specialised and the esoteric held no appeal for the novelist, though the man might (and did) entertain them. Hence the vast extent and endurance of Dickens's popularity—a suffrage even greater than that of the greatest of all novelists, Balzac, who includes so much more. But if Balzac's world is larger than Dickens's, it is ultimately less consolatory; as a Frenchman, Balzac had no special belief in the happy ending and the tying up of loose ends as true reflections of experience. For the same reason, perhaps, he is more chary of humorous exaggeration: Major Bagstock would have seemed to him a mere caricature. This was a limitation, and one which shut him off from the peculiar excellence of things like the apparition of Bunsby:

> Immediately there appeared, coming slowly up above the bulk-head of the cabin, another bulk-head—human, and very large—with one stationary eye in the mahogany face, and one revolving one, on the principle of some lighthouses. This head was decorated with shaggy hair, like oakum, which had no governing inclination towards the north, east, west, or south, but inclined to all four quarters of the compass, and to every point upon it. The head was followed by a perfect desert of chin, and by a shirt-collar and neckerchief, and by a dreadnought pilot-coat, and by a pair of dreadnought pilot-trousers, whereof the waistband was so very broad and high, that it became a succedaneum for a waistcoat: being ornamented near the wearer's breast-bone with some massive wooden buttons, like backgammon men. As the lower portions for these pantaloons became revealed, Bunsby stood confessed; his hands in their pockets, which were of vast size; and his gaze directed, not to Captain Cuttle or the ladies, but the mast-head.

Even Florence Dombey, brought up in the echoing desolation and stucco conventionality of the "corner house" (always unlucky, say the ubiquitous servants), and but newly introduced to the crowded cosiness of petty-bourgeois interiors, does not find this apparition much more disconcerting than Captain Cuttle himself, who was presumably used to it. This is Dickens's manner of showing that Florence, though in some ways a stupid girl, possessed the quick adaptability of the innocent mind, which would accept such a being as Bunsby as no more than a wonderful extension of its small but digested experience.

I have described Florence as in some ways stupid, because it takes so much to make her realise her father's indifference to her. Dreadful to relate, children will put up uncomplainingly with downright ill-treatment, and even continue to be fond of their oppressors; but they are usually quick to resent slights. Paradoxically, Florence refuses for years to draw the obvious conclusion from her father's abominable neglect of her feelings; yet, when in a moment of exasperation he strikes her, she leaves the house (an enormous act for one in her position) and takes refuge with an old sea captain whom she hardly knows, thereafter to subside gracefully into the arms of Walter Gay. Like Miss Elizabeth Bowen's Portia, Florence experiences a death of the heart; but, unlike the more modern innocent, she flies instinctively to those who will mend it for her. But she does the intelligent thing only when driven into a corner; by the time Mr. Dombey marries again, Florence is quite old enough to realise that to stage hair-brushing parties with her stepmother, every single night, would be the best way of making her father jealous, and thus of alienating him still further. Yet this is exactly what she elects to do—encouraged, of course, by the reckless and interested Edith; and then is horrified by the consequences. Which is stupid of her.

Possibly Dickens intended us to draw this conclusion. Certainly we are justified in assuming so, because he was as conspicuously fair to the children of his imagination as he was unfair to those of his flesh. In this novel he is on the whole just even to the characters he most dislikes: to Mr. Dombey, who, when bankrupt, behaves with the utmost rectitude, and even generosity, towards those involved in his ruin; to Mr. Carker, who is represented as having a pretty taste in interior decoration and—more importantly—as being an able and conscientious manager; to Edith, whose pride and foolish intransigence is redeemed by exact self-knowledge, and by an intuition of what life is really about. All this is most clever, for it throws upon us the onus of holding the balance between good and bad, a task which should always be left to the reader, but which feebler novelists can seldom resist taking upon themselves This reduces the elasticity of the moral distinctions upon which fiction reposes.

Dickens himself is not always so careful. In this particular novel, for instance, he allows himself to show Mrs. Pipchin (in spite of her weakness for Little Paul) a good deal less sympathy than she probably deserved. In a later novel she reappears as Mrs. Jellyby, and interferes in other ways than by keeping a pack of unruly, underworked and overfed servants in order; for which arduous service poor Mrs. Pipchin receives more kicks than ha'pence. Even less pardonably, Dickens allows himself to be taken in by Little Paul, a slyboots if ever there was one, who battens shamelessly upon everyone, young or old, male or female, that comes within reach of his anæmic pathos. As a figure of poetry this etiolated child is, to be sure, a distinct artistic success: we are conscious, when he is on the stage, of some kind of musical beauty; the little monster—like the big ones—exerts a spell, so that we forget, for the time being, the colossal insouciance with which he victimises his surroundings. One expects Florence to fall for his nonsense. Unused to being spoken to at any length except by Susan Nipper, Florence could not but be taken in by one who seems to have been born with the gift of serpentine eloquence. Mr. Toots would, of course, be gullible enough for anything. Mr. Dombey was prejudiced from the outset and in any case never noticed things which might not suit his book. But that all Mr. Blimber's young pupils—contemporaries of Tom Brown—should enter into a conspiracy of angelic kindness: this is altogether too much. Dickens's wish was father to his thought, so he forgot for a moment that there is nothing schoolboys resent so much as being imposed upon by one of their number. No matter how cleverly it is done—and Little Paul was certainly clever—they always spot it sooner or later, and then there is the devil to pay.

Luckily for himself, Dickens avoided the whole issue by allowing Paul to carry through his blackmail and die. Had he lived he would, I fear, have disappointed his father's hopes. With no head for figures, less than no interest in the family business, and a dilettante taste for art, he would have wandered abroad and eventually have built one of those charming villas that overlook Portofino. Here he would have lived, in disgusted seclusion, with dyed hair and a male companion, a young Italian peasant conspicuous for a mouthful of teeth, who would have been referred to by English neighbours as "that Mr. Dombey's secretary," and by the indigenes as something less respectable. Dying at the age of fifty-seven, Paul's will would have disclosed that he had passed over his sister in favour of the "secretary," who, inheriting the entire Dombey fortune, would have married a Henry James American (thus doubling his income) and settled down in Paris (Avenue du Bois) to enjoy the fruits of sacrifice, his teeth unimpaired and his synthetic distinction increased by the passing of years.

The central characters of the novel—for Mr. Dombey and Edith Granger must be allowed that position—are drawn with a firmer, less indulgent pencil. As a representative of mere Money Mr. Dombey is a forceful portrait, to which little could be added to-day. Spiritually sterile, and unnourished by the sense of responsibility which land inculcates, the rich merchant is obliged to create a background to his life out of Pride. But pride is undermined by a dry-rot in the form of power mania, which always destroys the subject in the end. Love may be stronger than death, but it is seldom stronger than the desire for power; so we feel there is something false and artificial in Mr. Dombey's final change of heart. Far truer to fact is the utter friendlessness of this rigid man, and the relief which he finds in the sycophantic attentions of Major Bagstock. For tyrants are incapable of friendship and have to put up instead with boon companions whom they despise in their hearts. True to fact also is Mr. Dombey's irresistible attraction to a woman in whom despair had bred the same poisons. Edith Dombey has been written off as a figure of melodrama; but what exactly does this mean? It is urged that she speaks in an absurd, stilted fashion, and that, with her flashing eyes, her stage gestures, and her undeviating behaviour, she is unlike a human being. I believe this to be a misconception. The melodrama of self-absorption mixes every emotion with pride, and expresses the result violently. When we bang out of a room, or curse an inanimate object that resists our efforts to displace it, we create melodrama just as surely as Edith and Mr. Carker when they exclaim: "Tush! we are alone!" or "Strumpet! it's false!" All these actions and words belong to the realm of truth: it is but the turn of phrase which disconcerts, because, unlike the mind, it is continually being invalidated by changes in fashion. The Dombeys and Carkers speak the language of Dumas *fils* and of Drury Lane, which offends the taste of some of us; but the same language was as acceptable to Lamb and Hazlitt as that of Hemingway and Koestler, which is the language of Hollywood, appears to be to many critics to-day. And behind the diction, in both cases, is a valid criticism of contemporary society. Edith Dombey—like Rosa Dartle, Lady Dedlock, Miss Havisham, and other of Dickens's terrible females—represents the instinctive, the vengeful and remorseless, protest of Victorian womanhood against the preposterous image forced upon it by men. This revenge took many forms, and those who avoided one were usually overtaken by another equally deadly. Mr. Carker, consigning Alice Marwood to the fate "worse than death," meets his match from the opposite direction—in Edith. Mr. Dombey takes his first wife for granted, and she dies—but is swiftly avenged in the person of "good" Mrs. Brown, who strips Mr. Dombey's daughter to the skin before subsiding in maudlin self-pity upon her heap of rags.

The lesser characters are, as one might expect, nearly all delightful—not simply vivid, but comforting as a fire on a chilly day. I except Mrs. Chick who is a bore, and Miss Tox (in spite of the Bird Waltz), who outstays her welcome. Dickens rarely knows when enough is enough—it is one of his few grave faults as a novelist—and the tire

some insistence which cannot mention Mr. Carker without harping on his teeth, spoils many an otherwise admirable passage.

It is customary to regard the earlier part of this book—up to the death of Little Paul—as by far the best; some readers even fail to survive the appearance of Edith. Those who so fail miss one of the finest pieces of psychological and descriptive writing Dickens ever achieved: I mean Mr. Carker's flight across France, and his death under the wheels of a locomotive. It was a clever imaginative stroke to have introduced the railway motive early in the book. Its sinister music, mitigated by the neighbourhood of the adorable Toodles, forms as it were a bridge between Florence and her stepmother, who meet first in the stark and unwilling mind of Mr. Dombey. The passage prepares us, in a symphonic sense, for the later chapter, where another, equally troubled mind grinds on its immitigable course:

> He could not think to any purpose. He could not separate one subject of reflection from another, sufficiently to dwell upon it, by itself, for a minute at a time. The crash of his project for the gaining of a voluptuous compensation for past restraint; the overthrow of his treachery to one who had been true and generous to him, but whose least proud word and look he had treasured up, at interest, for years—for false and subtle men will always secretly despise and dislike the object upon which they fawn, and always resent the payment and receipt of homage that they know to be worthless; these were the themes uppermost in his mind. A lurking rage against the woman who had so entrapped him and avenged herself was always there; crude and misshapen schemes of retaliation upon her, floated in his brain; but nothing was distinct. A hurry and contradiction pervaded all his thoughts. Even while he was so busy with this fevered, ineffectual thinking, his one constant idea was, that he would postpone reflection until some indefinite time.

But the chapter must be read as a whole, and compared, for interest, with those greater chapters which describe the despair of Emma Bovary and of Anna Karenina. For there are points at which the greatest novelists meet each other's eyes; and we hold our breath in astonishment, waiting for the terrible moment to pass.

LIONEL CRANFIELD

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NEW FICTION

The Demon Lover. By ELIZABETH BOWEN. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

To the Boating. By INEZ HOLDEN. *Bodley Head.* 7s. 6d.

First Impressions. By ISOBEL STRACHEY. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

It is not an accident that in her little book on the English novelists Miss Elizabeth Bowen should have written so well of Thomas Hardy and Henry James. Hardy, it will be remembered, thought poorly of *The Reverberator*, James not altogether well of *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*; and the two giants had little in common except their occasional dependence on a hard centre of melodrama—cruder, surprisingly enough, in James than in Hardy. Miss Bowen has something in common with both of them, though she manages to avoid their improbabilities, and she has enough of the true radiance of art to justify one's mentioning them. She shares Hardy's love of architectonics and of atmosphere: what Hardy will make of a woodland, heath, or starve-acre farm, she will make of a house or a summer night; and so far as persons go, I think the creator of Tess and Eustacia would have admired the drawing of Portia and Anna in Miss Bowen's *The Death of the Heart*. And she shares with Henry James a love of seeing how a story can be persuaded to present problems of artistry in the presentation of the "point of view"; and a curiosity (it is not the same as belief) about the supernatural and about the ambiguous territory between the supernatural and the natural. She has not James's sense of "the black and merciless things that are behind great possessions." Evil itself does not intrude on her world. It is not evil, but experience (they are not dissimilar, perhaps, but they are not the same) that corrodes the innocent people at the core of her books.

In her new collection of stories it is frequently obvious that she shares James's preoccupation with style; she has that kind of exact awareness of all she wishes to say, which makes her know precisely where a sentence needs to be a little distorted, or where an unusual word needs to be used. She has as well that gift which prose can share with poetry: the ability to concentrate the emotions of a scene, or a sequence of thoughts, or even a moral, into an unforgettable sentence or phrase with a beauty of expression extra to the sense:

> The newly-arrived clock, chopping off each second to fall and perish, recalled how many seconds had gone to make up her years, how many of these had been either null or bitter, how many had been void before the void claimed them.

Or again, about the present day:

> He thought, with nothing left but our brute courage, we shall be nothing but brutes.

Her short stories possess the qualities of her novels, but inevitably the atmosphere in her short stories is richer and more concentrated. The more elaborate of them suggest the climaxes or the elements of novels, but in a necessarily muted or diminished form; it is their atmosphere which moulds them, and which at times perhaps even brings them into existence. A perfect example of this is the first story in the book, "In the Square." Little happens in it, but enough strands are gathered together to give a sense of tension, climax and relief. And the relief is achieved mainly by atmospheric means. The story is about a few people living on in a partially bombed house in a ravaged London square. The principal feeling one has about them is their terrible independence of each other; all of them have mysterious, irregular relationships, unhappy and furtive. One has a feeling that what remains in the house, that reluctant proximity of the unconnected, is not what a house is meant to enclose. This is what war has done: to houses, to people. It is a true enough observation; but what startles one is the fact that one suddenly becomes aware that the early evening is spectacularly merging into late; the time of day is changing and a shift in the emotions of all the characters is coinciding with this. A mere observation has become a story quivering with subtle, dramatic life.

The war, and the subtly degrading effect of the war, hold these stories together as a collection. They have great variety and many attractions. One thinks particularly of their comedy and their dialogue; the story called "Careless Talk" is a brilliantly literal interpretation of that official phrase; "Mysterious Kôr" has a wonderful conversation draped round evocations from a poem by—Rider Haggard; the woman in "Ivy Gripped the Steps" is a strong enough figure for a novel. But it is probably those stories which involve the supernatural that are most striking. "The Demon Lover" itself, a ghost story of the traditional kind, is horrible enough, though not of Miss Bowen's best. In some of the others—"Pink May" and "The Inherited Clock," for example—the ghostliness is blown into existence by, or from, something real; and always, even when the boundary into the abnormal is passed, the normal still accompanies us.

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ROUTLEDGE

The finest story in the book, and the most ambitious, is called "The Happy Autumn Fields." It begins in the past—perhaps seventy or eighty years ago. Various members of a large family are taking a late afternoon walk across the fields of their estate; at a moment of particularly painful emotion for one of the characters, Sarah, the story breaks off, and we are switched to the present: to a partly bombed house where a woman called Mary is waking from the scene we have just read about; it is not the first dream about that epoch she has had, though her real link with it is tenuous; nevertheless her dream has become obsessive, stronger and more attractive than her own life. The scene changes to the old family again, and we find that that afternoon in the fields Sarah has had a black-out which has projected her for a moment into a world nameless and horrible—our own, we gather. The final scene is back in the bombed house, with Mary sorrowing over the irrecoverable day from the past which has blown into and out of her life:

> I am left with a fragment torn out of a day, a day I don't even know where or when; and now how am I to help laying that like a pattern against the poor stuff of everything else?—Alternatively, I am a person drained by a dream. I cannot forget the climate of those hours. Or life at that pitch, eventful—not happy, no, but strung like a harp. . . .'

It is, like "The Turn of the Screw," a story which provokes interpretation and commentary; but since it is, in a serious sense, a discovery, there remains about it something of its own, at once inexplicable and profoundly satisfying. No living writer has, I think, produced a finer collection of stories than this.

Miss Inez Holden is well known for her skilful reporting of factory life. *To the Boating* is offered as a collection of short stories. But in most of them the bridge between reporting and art has not been crossed. In the first story, "Musical Chairman," there is an excellent account of a series of pathetic and amusing interviews between the Chairman of a Local Appeal Board and various people who are rebelling against the Essential Work Orders. But the fancy bits of story-telling in which Miss Holden has arbitrarily framed these scenes are so artificially stuck on that one wonders that they have not been blown away in the proof-reading. It is a drab collection of oddments that Miss Holden has put together. And she shows, furthermore, a taste for drabness for its own sake. The book concludes with three fanciful little satires: presumably in order to deaden any excitement which these might arouse in the reader, Miss Holden has chosen to swathe them in the grey, vague mists of Basic English.

The habit, common enough in contemporary poets, of publishing work of an elementary or even infantile nature, is spreading to writers of fiction. Shown to one in manuscript, Miss Holden's stories and Mrs. Strachey's novel, *First Impressions*, might reveal promise; one would note passages of humour or observation. Why, then, does one pass over these when the books appear in print? Doubtless because the books challenge comparison with the early work of writers who seem to have tested themselves more rigorously and more critically before emerging into print. *Amateurish* is the deplorable word that one cannot avoid in mentioning Mrs. Strachey's novel. It is supposedly a satire on the leisured life of the Twenties. Possibly Mrs. Strachey has seen that life, but there is nothing in this rambling, unformed little book that could not have been got from many another social satire. Bad syntax and petty indecency are no substitute for the slickness and wit which some satirists achieve in their first books, and which it is hard for a satirist to do without. And the title of Mrs. Strachey's book goes no way to excuse its muddle.

HENRY REED

TRUTH AND PUBLIC OPINION

Truth and the Public. By KINGSLEY MARTIN. *Watts.* 2*s.* and 1*s.*

This little book, which contains Mr. Kingsley Martin's Conway Memorial Lecture, raises and pursues an astonishing number of very important, highly controversial hares. They are all connected with truth and public opinion, but the fundamental question with which he is concerned is the relation between truth, reason, and politics. He looks at it primarily from the journalistic, the editorial angle—and it is a very good angle from which to survey it—but he is a highly historical and philosophically minded editor.

Mr. Martin rightly begins with Bentham and the Utilitarians who were the progenitors of that peculiar brand of liberalism which dominated democracy and democratic thought through the latter part of the nineteenth century. He records, as others have done, their pathetic belief in political sanitation to be accomplished by education, reason, truth, cheap news, and leading articles. The problem of the political relation between truth, reason, and public opinion is more difficult and complicated than most Benthamites and their liberal disciples thought, and they were, no doubt, too optimistic in their belief that, if men know the truth, they will probably act rationally. Like their critics, they had not the advantage of knowing many things which would happen after they were dead. And since they died, the exasperating pendulum of history has swung to the exact opposite position of that which it occupied when the world seemed on the point of regeneration by philosophic radicalism. Two world wars separated by a Nazi and Fascist peace constitute a powerful antidote to any tendency to social optimism. But the swing of the pendulum is not the best guide and director of thought, and the reaction against utilitarianism and liberalism has gone too far. Mr. Martin himself recognises this and in his last page goes back to John Stuart Mill. The Benthamites were not really so silly or so sillily optimistic as most people—even to some extent Mr. Martin—tell us they were. Even the wisest of us are sometimes incautious or exaggerated in the way in which we state our beliefs, and it is possible by quotation to reduce Bentham and Mill to absurdities. But they are often unfairly ridiculed by the common trick of representing their belief that an ideal was attainable as a belief that it would be attained. The proof of mental puddings is in the eating, and I dare anyone to read Mill's famous political writings and honestly say that they leave a taste of political optimism in the mouth.

The Utilitarians were right in seeing that democracy must stand or fall on truth and reason. It implies the ultimate responsibility of government to public opinion. Unless the public knows the truth, can understand it, and bases upon it rational political opinion, democracy will be just as stupid and savage a form of human social organisation as the monarchies, the aristocracies, or dictatorships which have disgraced human history. Everyone to-day recognises the menace to truth and reason in those terrific engines of obscurantism, invented since Mill's day—the newspaper and the radio—and Mr. Martin's admirable discussion of their influence merits close and careful study. No one who has lived through the last twenty-five years will be over-optimistic about the possibility of dealing with this menace, but there are a few facts which should prevent us throwing in our hands in despair. Mr. Martin points out in one place that we have never attempted to use either our

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educational system or our press to train people to be citizens (he might have added the B.B.C.). In other words, the engines of education, of the press, and the wireless have never been used to give the people the truth, the capacity to understand the truth, and the habit of rational thought about the truth. On the contrary, as Mr. Martin says, "we have left the job of political education to be the incidental product of selling news in the open market." In fact, education, the press, and the B.B.C. are still in the hands of people who have a vested interest in keeping the masses ignorant, stupid, and consumers of the third-rate in everything connected with the intellect and the arts. It is not surprising, therefore, that over and over again, if one talks to an "ordinary person" about some important political problem, one finds that their ignorance and their beliefs are fantastic. And yet the result is also surprisingly encouraging, for two reasons. Given the deliberately maintained and exploited ignorance, the desire for truth and the reasonableness of public opinion, at any rate in Britain, are much greater than one might expect. That surely gives one some ground for hope that if education, the press, and the B.B.C. were used by democrats for the purpose of educating a democracy, the result might be nearer to what Mill and his generation envisaged. And I see no reason to believe that there is a law of nature that democrats should never act democratically.

LEONARD WOOLF

THE ALPHABET OF ANGER

Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary. Selected and arranged by H. I. WOOLF. *Allen and Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

In one of his asides on *Candide*, Hazlitt says that every sentence tells and the whole reads as one sentence. The secret of Voltaire's power of dominating until the rapier falls from the hand of the helpless reader, lies in this continuous style. One is mystified, bewitched, bewildered and given no rest, by the sustained display of diabolical clarity. It is as dazzling and hypnotising as one of the fatal love dances of the world of insects. True, the same element of continuity may be found in the pure style and even mind of Swift, a mind that reduces life to the terms of madness without a change in the tone of voice, without rhetoric and without accent. The simple style of Swift coils round us like some grey and inescapable river; but Swift can be accused of monotony. It is the monotony of the mad. An orthodox and practical morality is at the bottom of him; he loves individuals. There is no monotony in Voltaire; he is sane. Instinct of self-preservation operates ruthlessly in his wildly contradictory character.

It was a good idea to reissue Mr. H. I. Woolf's selection from Voltaire's *Philosophical Dictionary* at the present time. After the stories, this diverse and even erratic alphabet of anger is said to represent Voltaire's literary and personal character better than anything else he wrote. The *Dictionary* conveys the proper mixture of amoral frivolity, destructive argument, and Socratic simpleness, and it shows his anti-ecclesiastical mind at its most damaging. Voltaire was dangerous because he was various, because his touch was perfect. In the *Dictionary* he mixed articles on kissing, astrology, adultery, nakedness and climate with his reflections on God, Destiny, Democracy, Liberty and Free Will; and one is conscious of no break of mood between one subject and the other. The book is propaganda all the time and the most lively of all propaganda: the propaganda of indiscreet inquiry. Every statement of Voltaire's is a question. Is God good or did he just do His best? Is He omnipotent or did He just do what He was able? Why are there more insects than men? Why is half of Africa and America covered with poisons? Why are the rich always respected, courted and considered?

> Why does a little whitish, evil-smelling secretion form a being which has hard bones, desires and thoughts? And why do these beings persecute each other?

And the question of power: Liberty has no meaning unless we have the power to act; but who would we sooner be, Oliver Cromwell, the dictator, with blood on his hands, guilt on his conscience and a mind racked by nightmares; or Richard Cromwell who withdrew from power? Which dragon do you prefer, the dragon of absolutism or the dragon of democracy? That is to say the dragon with one head and many tails which devours everything; or the dragon with many heads which hurt each other? The answers themselves suggest more questions:

> Democracy seems suitable only to a very little country, and further it must be happily situated. Small though it be, it will make many mistakes, because it will be composed of men. Discord will reign there as in a monastery; but there will be no St. Bartholomew, no Irish massacres, no Sicilian Vespers, no inquisitions, no condemnation to the galleys for having taken water from the sea without paying for it, unless one supposes this republic composed of devils in a corner of hell.

What? no purges, no concentration camps, no enslavement of subject races, no mass wars? On the other hand, it is easier to handle, to trick and manage a single tyrant than it is to deal with the tyranny of the many:

> A despot always has his good moments; an assembly of despots never. If a tyrant does me an injustice, I can disarm him through his mistress, his confessor or his page; but a company of grave tyrants is inaccessible to all seductions.

What happens when the two tyrannies combine? When we have to deal with Cromwell? The reader turns inevitably, indecisively to the notes on kissing and adultery, then to the notes on Socrates and Christ. Shall we turn to knavery or to sainthood? And yet, when we put the book down and the continuous sentence has poured away, there is, we notice, a residue. It has left us with the knowledge that to have liberty we must have power.

Many of the articles of the *Dictionary* are Voltaire's contribution to the *Encyclopædia*. It is curious that this remarkable model has ossified and that the word Encyclopædia has come to mean a collection of facts. The idea of propaganda by a team of inquirers has been dropped and an encyclopædia is now a settling and not an unsettling book. Team work has come to mean uniformity; so great is the stress on information for its own sake nowadays, that one dreads even breathing the suggestion that the *Encyclopædia* should be revived. In a sense one must consider things like Aldous Huxley's *Encyclopædia of Pacifism*, perhaps discursions like *The Unquiet Grave*, and certainly the plays and guides of Bernard Shaw, to be in the tradition. But it is strange that scientists have not used the method in their attack on our environment which Voltaire used for his attack on mediævalism; perhaps, sunk under their staggering loads of information and discovery, the scientists have not stopped to consider what they were doing and why they were doing it.

V. S. PRITCHETT

IN DAYLIGHT

New Writing and Daylight, No. 6, 1945. Edited by JOHN LEHMANN. *Hogarth Press.* 10s. 6d.

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voices in the dark like Aragon's, European writing could be taken to mean, from an editor's point of view, the writing of a small group of exiles in London. Now Europe really means Europe again, and more of a shadowy hinterland it has never been.

Mr. Lehmann, in his thoughtful and outspoken introduction, suggests that Britain has a cultural mission to the Continent: at a time when the truth is even harder to discover than beauty, one hopes that space will be found for the best kind of reporting of both the European and the English scene. *New Writing* has always placed literature in a human perspective and been notable for its vigorous statement of experience that is universal rather than personal. The trend in this first post-war collection seems slightly away from this attitude: that the critical section should occupy almost half the book seems unjustified in principle, though two of the contributions to it—Mr. Plomer's brilliant essay on the lurid Dutch writer Couperus, and M. Alexandre Astruc's commentary on Sartre's play *Huis Clos*—are examples of criticism that are vividly contemporary, and yet remain good criticism on any level.

The other individual contributions did not seem to me quite up to the high-water marks of the past. Miss Sitwell's *Notes on King Lear* are rather too scanty to be judged until the full work in progress appears: there is another posthumous essay by Demitrios Capetanakis, on Proust, a subject that was very close to him. Although this essay was written some time before others that have already appeared, it pursues a more subtle method of criticism, and is without the rhetoric that marred some of his work; it is nearer in thought to his *View of English Poetry*, which is perhaps his most sensitive and lucid piece of criticism.

The best story is by Mr. Jiri Weiss. Though it follows Conrad in theme and in treatment it is a crystal example of what a short story should be—fast, with a balance of detail and with point. Miss Elizabeth Bowen falls a little too easily into her technique in "I Hear You Say So." "The Woman Who Was Loved," by Mr. James Stern, is rather too near life. But a failure by Mr. Stern is more interesting than most people's successes: he is a virtuoso, a comic, an original; he can sail closer to a puff of whimsy, and yet avoid it, than any of his contemporaries.

The mixture of the other contributions I have not space to mention is rather as before. There are very beautiful poems by George Barker and Terence Tiller, and a long poem of great conviction and power by Henry Reed. And Lawrence Gowing's cover design is the best that *New Writing* has had. ANTONY BROWN

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Sixth Symphony* (*Pathétique*). Philharmonic Symphony Orch. of New York, cond. Rodzinski (Col. DX1205–9).

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Casse Noisette Suite.* National Symphony Orch., cond. Stanford Robinson (Decca K1142–4).

TCHAIKOVSKY: Waltz from *Eugen Onegin.* Boston Promenade Orch., cond. Fiedler (H.M.V. B9312).

GRIEG: *Concerto in A minor.* Arthur Rubinstein with Philadelphia Orch., cond. Ormandy (H.M.V. DB6234–6).

DOHNANYI: *Wedding Waltz* (*The Veil of Pierrette*). City of Birmingham Orch., cond. Weldon (Col. DB2188).

BEETHOVEN: *Sonata in C sharp minor* (*Quasi una fantasia*). Solomon (H.M.V. C3455–6).

HAYDN: *She Never Told Her Love* and *The Sailor's Song.* Elisabeth Schumann, acc. Gerald Moore (H.M.V. DA1850).

HANDEL: *Every Valley Shall be Exalted* and *Comfort Ye, My People.* Heddle Nash with Philharmonic Chamber Orch., cond. Maurice Miles (H.M.V. C3454).

HANDEL: *Sonata in F,* and CORELLI: *Gigue.* Reginald Kell and Gerald Moore (Col. DB2189).

I have noticed a growing tendency, especially among younger people whose knowledge of the great classical works is founded mainly on the recorded interpretations of famous conductors, to judge "live" performances of these works entirely by comparison with the recording that happens to be in fashion at the moment. The slightest deviation in tempo or phrasing from those adopted by, say, Bruno Walter in conducting Mozart's G minor Symphony will be condemned out of hand as wrong; thus the symphony gradually becomes transformed into "Bruno Walter in G minor," and the composer himself sinks into the background. This, as Brahms and others pointed out long ago, is a major heresy: within obvious limits there are as many right ways of interpreting a piece of music as there are executants gifted enough to take a fresh view of it. These remarks, of course, only apply to genuinely new interpretations and should not be taken as endorsing the recording companies' vicious habit of multiplying versions of a single work, while continuing, year after year, to disregard a vast quantity of important and potentially popular music which has never been recorded at all. Incidentally, I more than suspect that conductors and soloists have a habit of peeping at each other's recordings and picking up tips from them—a practice which ends by producing a series of sub-Toscaninis, sub-Rubinsteins, and sub-Gerhardts.

This month's list contains two borderline cases and one masterpiece of novelty. I call both the new *Pathétique* and the *Casse Noisette* borderline cases, because neither can be described as a positive improvement on earlier issues, yet both are good and contain features that may recommend them especially to some people. I do not myself feel that Rodzinski's performance of the *Pathétique* equals that of Furtwängler, a conductor altogether cut out to understand this neurotic music. But the new set has some excellent qualities. The dynamic range, often distressingly foreshortened in recording, is wide and true: the *pianissimi* are full of tone—not mere absence of sound; the build-up in the Scherzo is exceptionally effective and the whole recording admirably clear.

These who value a cosmopolitan interpretation will, I believe, continue to prefer Eugene Goossens's recording of the *Casse Noisette*. Though some eight years old, it has lost none of its sparkle, and in the final waltz the rhythm is altogether superior to that of Stanford Robinson. But elsewhere the latter scores: his Danse Arabe is most mysterious and appealing, the string tone beautifully tranquil and sustained; and in the more sprightly movements the wonderful orchestration is crystal clear. An anthology of truly magical sonorities, this Suite never fails to enchant the ear, if only—as in this case—the conductor tempers a necessary exuberance with a precise beat.

The Boston Promenade Orchestra always seems to play as if compelled to make itself heard above talk. Perhaps it usually is so compelled; at all events the effect in its recordings is unfortunate, and I can find nothing to say in favour of this latest disc of the *Eugen Onegin* Waltz, which is represented as blatant and perfunctory.

The new recording of the Grieg Piano Concerto is so calamitous as to make me wonder whether the authorities of the Gramophone Co. ever listen to the American issues they inflict so punctually upon us. No words, save exclamations like Ach! and Ugh! can express the utter ignobility of this latest *recording*. I stress the word, because the performance going on behind this hideous façade of characterless noise is obviously a fine and sensitive one. More's the pity, for it is completely wasted: the recording has at no moment of the work a single feature to recommend it.

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PHILOSOPHY

Vol. XX No. 77

Contents for November

I LIFE AND PLEASURE (II) The late H. W. B. Joseph
II ON MIND AND OUR KNOWLEDGE OF IT Professor J. N. Findlay
III THE ESSENTIAL NATURE OF KNOWLEDGE Professor H. F. Hallett.
IV ON KNOWING ONE ANOTHER Joshua C. Gregory
V NEW BOOKS
VI CORRESPONDENCE
VII INSTITUTE NOTES: Address by the President

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Of the five extant sets, that by Gieseking is probably the most sensitive and musicianly; but the recording of the orchestral part in the Moiseiwitsch set (the latest but one), is a good deal better. Those wishing to make a rapid but fair comparison are advised to try the opening of the Adagio in both the Gieseking and Moiseiwitsch sets; I think they will prefer the string tone in the latter, though Gieseking's announcement of the opening melisma has a delicacy which the other pianist appears to scorn.

I must confess to thoroughly enjoying Dohnanyi's music. Of course it is second-rate and eclectic, but one is not always in the mood for the best, and this waltz is really most exhilarating, in the true Viennese style. Performance and recording, however, not especially impressive.

Who would have guessed that to play the first movement of the "Moonlight" Sonata almost twice as slow as it is normally taken, would reveal this astonishing piece to us in an entirely new light (not, I'm glad to say, that of the moon)? Yet so, I think, it is with Solomon's magnificent performance. No pianist without an absolutely even control over each separate finger could manage the fearful tension involved by keeping the right-hand figure going for so long, at so low and even a tone, and at this tempo. The result is a mysterious, elegiac gravity which—to me at least—is so entirely convincing that I shall never again feel satisfied with what has hitherto passed for the correct tempo. Comparison with Solomon's record of Bach's Organ Fugue in A minor shows the same extraordinary restraint, the avoidance of steep dynamic changes and of all temptations to "effect." In this Solomon is deeply classical—perhaps the only pianist, except Casadesus, with a truly classical style alive to-day. And since the deep secret of the C sharp minor Sonata would appear to lie in the sequence of tempi, rather than in any pictorial or impressionistic description, it is only by attentiveness and restraint, and not by striving for eloquence, that the player can pierce down to that secret. The only criticism I have to make of Solomon's performance concerns the opening bars of the final Presto, where the bass is so heavy that the mounting semiquaver figures become blurred except for the top note of each. There are, of course, several recordings of this Sonata in existence, and notably one by Egon Petri. In most of these the opening of the Finale is clearer, but performances of the movement as a whole fall below Solomon's, because they cannot resist making concessions to virtuosity which (as I have said) destroy the classical symmetry of the movement. The recording of this superb issue is remarkably deep and mellow.

Haydn's English Songs are much more than a curiosity. Where we might have expected a much stiffer setting of *She never told her love*, he gives us, within the limits of his style, a freely developed aria which is admirably expressive of Shakespeare's lines. A most lovely thing, perfectly sung. *The Sailor's Song* is naturally simpler; but it has the humour we associate rather with the English composers of the eighteenth century, and a charm that arises from the simple fun of singing "Hurly-burly" in *stretto*. Devotees of Miss Schumann (and who is not one?) will, it can be confidently asserted, be delighted by this late example of her art.

I have seldom heard Heddle Nash in better voice and form than in this new recording of the opening numbers of *The Messiah*. His execution of the divisions is smooth and effortless, his tone beautiful throughout, without being in the least "plummy." This record is also of interest because it introduces the Philharmonic Chamber Orchestra, a body, it appears, specially assembled for the purpose of records like this. To judge by this example, it seems exceptionally well drilled.

The little pieces by Handel and Corelli were arranged for clarinet and piano by Mr. Kell himself. Though of course well-played, the impression they make is trivial. There seems very little point in this kind of thing.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 823

Set by D. Y. Mason

Competitors are asked to write in typical BBC style an extract from the script for a microphone interview accorded to one of the following :—Madame de Pompadour, Shakespeare, Nero, Nell Gwynn, Wordsworth, Dick Turpin, Queen Victoria, Dr. Johnson, Eve. (Limit 200 words) Entries by Nov. 13th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 820

Set by Raymond Mortimer

The usual prizes are offered for the best rhyming alphabets, in 26 lines, about the names of cities.

Report by Raymond Mortimer

Many good entries. L. G. Udall and Guy Innes specialised in ancient cities, "Busy Housewife" in food-producing cities, Granville Garley in literary allusions, M. Murphy in puns, a lot of competitors in cities bombed or otherwise conspicuous in the recent war. Some entries stretched the meaning of the word "city" beyond what even poetic licence can admit—e.g., Elsinore and Florida. Other good entries came from R. J. P. Hewison, L. E. J., B. Turner, Robert Upcott, and N. P. Meadway. I recommend two guineas for J. R. Till, a guinea each to Constance Sewell, Cyril Hare and Leslie Johnson, half a guinea each to Yorick and Alan Sauvain.

THE SAILOR'S BAEDEKER

Aberdeen Nell had her points, my boys, but granite was in her heart
And the Barcelona belle declared, "No sun, Señor? No start!"
Capetown Kate was a ripe enough date but a little inclined to stick
And the airs suburban of the girl at Durban somehow didn't click.
Eve of Egg Harbour City, N.J., was too hard-boiled for me:
(I grant she was cheaper than Freetown Flo, who spent my pay on a gee.)
I'd have married the Glasgow barmaid if her mother hadn't said no,
And the hussy from Hamburg proved to be so *much* less sweet than low.
My pockets were full in Istanbul till picked by a dusky vamp
And I ceased to caress my Jo'burg Jess when she moaned about gold-digger's cramp.
I couldn't help thinking the Kandy kid deficient in beauty spots
And even the Londonderry Air couldn't warm my colleen—lots.
The maid of Melbourne understood, but they say she drank like a fish,
And my New York queen was not so green that she couldn't make eyes at a Bish.
Olga of Oslo cried because no tar likes a permanent bride
And Portsmouth Poll had the Nelson touch—but I'm not sure this applied.
If you count black eyes a true love prize try Queenie of Quebec:
At least she was *keen*, but the Reykjavik wench was like ice on the quarterdeck.
Singapore Sue might have suited you but I never took kindly to rice
And the Tripoli tart made it clear from the start that a sheik gave her lessons at dice.
Utrecht Una wanted a schooner: I held out for a skiff;
Vodka with Vladivostock Vi meant a non-collective tiff.
Wild West Meg from Winnipeg lacked bumps where there should have been some

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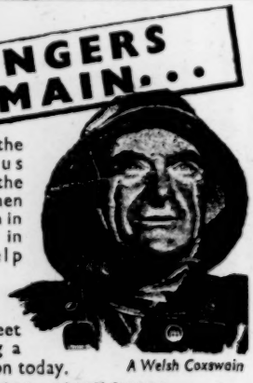

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ANNUAL MEETING 1945.

CHAIRMAN'S REVIEW.

In his address at the Annual Meeting of Harrisons & Crosfield, Limited, held in London on October 30th, Mr. H. Eric Miller reviewed the position in the company's Eastern territories that were occupied by the Japanese and explained why it was not yet possible to present any authoritative picture of what has happened to the rubber and the tea plantations, but said that as regards rubber at any rate the damage done appeared to be less serious than would have been the case had it been necessary to recover the country by fighting through it. It was fair to assume that the process of cleaning up and rehabilitation should not be difficult once the necessary labour and replacements were available.

Mr. Miller said of rubber "The output of synthetic substitutes in the U.S.A. and Canada during 1944 amounted to nearly 800,000 tons and may reach 1,000,000 tons in 1945. It is, however, generally conceded that none of these synthetics is equal to natural rubber for tyre construction which is far and away the largest use to which rubber is put. It would be out of order for me to speculate to-day upon matters which are appropriate for consideration by the Rubber Study Group, but I am sure that the interests of natural rubber will be properly represented. Its own inherent qualities are the best assurance for its future."

A final dividend of 12½ per cent. on the Deferred Ordinary Stock was declared, making 15 per cent. for the year.

Schools and Educational

FREEMOUNT, Bacton, Hereford. Individual tuition, free expression, varied activities, communal home. Intell. children temperamentally difficult, helped to balanced development. Katherine & Peter Young, M.A.

HILLGROVE School, Bangor (N.W.), sane education for boys and girls, 5–13, good food, happy atmosphere, graduate staff. 31 *guineas* a term. Prospectus from C. S. Chapman, M.A. (Oxon.), Headmaster.

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WENNINGTON School (Co-ed., boarding and day 8–18), now at Ingmanthorpe Hall, Wetherby, Yorks. Much improved amenities. Sept. vacancies for boys only. Kenneth C. Barnes, B.Sc.

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YOUNG lady, Civil Servant, requires good bedroom and partial board, near Victoria or Strand. Box A1915.

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And the pick of the dearies in old Xeres, starved of sherry, was dumb.
The Yokohama geisha thought ju-jitsu went too far—
But why go on? Next week I wed sweet Zoe of Zanzibar.

J. R. TILL

Crumbling Antigua has Paninic delights
Budapest noble bridges, zigeuner-wild nights
Cologne is departed with cities like Carthage
Plurabella is Dublin's pale aftermathage.
Draughts blow through Edinburgh's grey gothic faces
For renaissance fans Florence, most rewarding of places
Graz—a schloss on a hill, a swift flowing river
From Hull they say hell turns away with a shiver
Istanbul, minarets, south winds from the Bosphorus
In Jaffa its oranges make the place prosperous,
Kazan—sweet deaths of roses go to the head
Dear London—if only the place wouldn't spread
Moscow—Vodka, the trepak, acres of ice
Civilised Naples, earth's paradise.
Ottawa's the pride of colonial hearts
But sous les toits de Paris there's more talk of the arts.
Quiriqua—among Maya sculpture malaria rages
All roads lead to Rome, surviving dark ages.
Salzburg—Festspiele, mountains with snow
Trebizond—on camels the far traders go
At Upsala they're good at gymnastics and tennis
Sing in watery waltz-time Vienna and Venice
Let's show foreigners Winchester, the houses, the meads
With green belts and glass bricks X shall rise for our needs.
Yanqui, Yangchow, like T'ang odes the names glide
Zanzibar to be seen on the missionary's slide.

CONSTANCE SEWELL

THE A B C OF CALAMITY

The crisis in Athens evokes apprehension;
Batavia's a prey to internal dissension;
Cologne was laid waste in the course of the winning of
A battle that Danzig provoked the beginning of;
Our Exeter suffered from Baedeker raiding,
And Florence more gravely in close cannonading;
The Luftwaffe heroes laid Guernica flat—
Hiroshima marked an improvement on that;
They're thoroughly nervous in Istanbul, Turkey;
Jerusalem's outlook is painfully murky;
Kharkov was a scene of disaster and glory;
The ruins of London can tell their own story;
The first of fifth columns appeared in Madrid;
"See Naples and die!"—there were thousands who did;
In Oslo the racket of Quisling is ended—
The Paris Black Market's not even suspended;
The D-day arrangements discussed at Quebec
Resulted in Rouen becoming a wreck;
Saigon is no place for the peaceable tourist;
Trieste is a headache for statesman and jurist;
Upsala's a town that the bombers have missed,
But Veere has pretty well ceased to exist;
Lease-Lend came from Washington—too good to last,
Like Xanadu's dome, it's a thing of the past;
At Yalta the Big Three agreed—or did not;
And what has the future in store for Zoppot?

CYRIL HARE

AN ALPHABET OF CITIES

A is for Armagh, an Irish, or Erse, city.
B is for Bonn, with its fine university.
C's for Cologne; S.T.C. thought it sewery.
D is for Dublin; it's mainly a brewery.
E is for Ely, surrounded by fenny land.
F is for Florence, unequalled in any land.
G is for Ghent, to which trippers once ran over.
H is for Hamburg and also for Hanover.
I's Inverness, in which most Scotsmen own a part.
J is for Jena, made famous by Bonaparte.
K is for Koln, as already alluded to.
L for the London that I loved (and you did, too).
M is for Manchester; is it too pluvious?
N is for Naples, not far from Vesuvius.
O is for Oxford, whose cause is a losing one,
P is for Paris, whose job is amusing one.
Q is for Quimper, the only place suitable.
R is for Rome, the eternal, immutable.
S is for Salisbury, ancient but uniform.
T is for Truro; don't sniff at its puny form.
U is for Utrecht, whose folk are industrious.
V's for Vienna, that housed the illustrious.
Wien (in the German) will answer for W.
X is unknown; don't allow it to trouble you.
Y is for York, with its Minster and Deanery.
Z is for Zürich, in beautiful scenery.

LESLIE JOHNSON

AN ALPHABET OF CAPITAL AND INTERESTING CITIES

A is for Athens, though Tino's bereft of it.
B's for Berlin—or what little's left of it.
C stands for Cracow, of Poland the spear.
D is for Dublin, the dirty and dear.
E is for Edinburgh—"Auld Reekie" in story.
F is for Florence—"*Citta de fiori.*"
G, for Great Yarmouth, because I like bloaters,
H is for Henley, loved by wet-bobs and boaters.
I's for Istanbul, astride of the Bosphorus.
J's for Jerusalem, just now a cross for us.
K *was* Kioto—no very great loss for us.
L still will be Lisbon when Salazar goes,
M Madrid when the Spanish of Franco dispose.
N's for New York with her skyscrapers stately.
O is for Oslo, *un*christened quite lately.
P must be Paris, though shorn of her laughter.
Q is Quebec, who's still Paris's daughter.
R is for Rome where they say all roads lead us.
S is Stockholm who we're hoping will feed us.
T's Timbuctoo, the Sahara's rear guard
U is Uttoxeter (Limericks barred).
V's sad Vienna, once city of mirth.
W is Warrington—new hub of the Earth.
X Xanadu, where Alph underground ran,
Y Yokohama—a hole in Japan
and
Z the new Zion which hopeful Jews plan.

YORIC

A is for (Name it) or Aix-la-Chapelle.
B is in Warwicks—Alabama as well.
Can you now think of a camp on the Dee?
Declare that it's done and in Angus you'll be.
Everyone knows where long slept "the Wake."
Find now the name Winnipeg used to take.
Great nations oft gather'd 'neath Alpine height.
Here with the atom we shook "Isle of Light."
If "Turkey in Europe" should leave you dismayed,
Jump to the object of every Crusade.
K stands on Missouri. One city or two?
Long called "The Forbidden"; here is your clue.
Moisture discredits this city's fair name;
Next neither age nor a minster can claim.
Old are her colleges; new are her cars.
Penn founded this one; here stripes joined the stars.
Quakes oft shake the Andes—now it's easy to guess.
Roads all lead you to it—not those in U.S.
Spire of cathedral, the highest we've got.
Turn again, Reveller, and this one you'll spot.
Uncover the birthplace of Abr'am with spade.
Valses and Votive Church, Learning and Trade.
With D.C. its boundary runs every pace.
X grows tobacco, on Mesta, in Thrace.
You know this Archbishop must play second fiddle.
Z with its canton and lake ends the riddle.

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Lecture Courses and Specialised Training

LONDON Co-op. Soc. Educ. Dept. Sunday Afternoon Forums. "Vital Issues of the Peace," Nov. 4th: Mr. Michael Young, B.Sc., on "Are there Jobs for All?" at L.C.S. Cafe, 54 Maryland St., Stratford, E.15; Prof. G. D. H. Cole, M.A., on "Private Enterprise or Public Control?" at Co-operative Hall, 129 Seven Sisters Road, N.7; Mrs. Barbara Castle, M.P., on "Are Controls Necessary?" at St. Matthew's Hall, Milson Rd. (nr. Blythe Rd.), Hammersmith. All meetings commence 3 p.m. Adm. free.

COLLEGE of Preceptors, Bloomsbury Sq., W.C.1. Series of Lectures, followed by discussion, at 5.45 p.m. on certain Wednesday evenings. November 7th, "The Approved School," Miss C. McCall. December 5th, "The Independent Experimental School—its contribution to National Education," Mr. Kenneth Barnes, Headmaster of Wennington School, Wetherby. Adm. free.

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Personal—continued

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WHAT do Unitarians believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from Mrs. Dickin, The Hill, Langport, Som.

LABOUR Monthly, November 1945. "What is Democracy?" by Wm. Gallacher, M.P. Notes of the Month by R.P.D. "A Constituent Assembly for India," by Michael Carritt. "British Universities and Britain," by Prof. Roy Pascal. "Germany," by Peter Field. From Publishers, 134 Ballards Lane, N.3. Post paid 7*d.*

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Readers' Market

FOR sale: Royal Economic Society Journals and History Journals, 1930–1937, what offers? Bernard Shaw's complete Prefaces and complete Plays, what offers? Proust, complete, 11 vols., English translation in original form, published by Chatto & Knopf. Bible as literature. Three Stories and Ten Poems by Ernest Hemingway, published Paris, 1923, in original paper covers, signed by author, offers. Encyclopædia Britannica, £30. "La France Libre," January 1941/July 1944, offers. Dickens's "All Year Round" and "Household Words," 24 vols. complete, £8. French Linguaphone, £7. Russian linguaphone, scarcely used, offers. Sunbeam Shave Master Electric Razor, perfect condition, what offer? Man's navy camelhair Aquascutum.

WANTED: "The Small Back Room," by Nigel Balchin; state condition and price. "Well of Loneliness," by Radclyffe Hall. Beatrix Potter's "The Tailor of Gloucester" (to complete set). Leibniz's "Discourse on Metaphysics," trans. Montgomery, 15s. offered. Nonesuch Ben Jonson, cash or exchange "Forever Amber." Books by good modern authors. Good sectional bookcase. Aladdin Heater. Child's unbreakable teaset. Steam and clockwork locos., gauge 0. Electric razor. Sound car. Hand-operated milk separator.

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